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THE
GAMESTERS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. 2



THE
GAMESTERS:
A NOVEL.
IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF
BURTON-WOOD AND JOSEPH.

VOL. I.

Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,
Appear, by turns, as fortune shifts the scene;
Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain,
Then fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY H. D. STEEL, N^o. 51, LOTHBURY,
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M.DCC.LXXXVI.

THE
GAMMESTERS
A NOVEL
IN THREE VOLUMES.

By the Author of
BURTON-WOOD AND JOSEPH.



Good copy.
Appears in three, in one of the latter;
some, this is still, some tattered and
Then fall to hand, they bound and
Dated 1841.

LONDON:
Printed by H. M. SHERRE & CO. LONDON.
AND SOLD BY
R. BALDWIN & CO. T. THE-ATRE-ROYAL.
M.DCCC.LXXXVI.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A Propensity to gaming having of late given strong encouragement to usury, and the fortunes of several distinguished families been irreparably hurt by that prevailing infatuation, the authorefs presumes to hope she may stand excused for endeavouring to delineate the fatal consequences in their most glaring colours. — Of this she is certain, though her characters and incidents may not be the most pleasing, yet are they drawn from real life. The world will every day afford corroborating evidence of their existence.

Those, who may honour the following sheets with an attentive perusal, are earnestly entreated to discriminate without prejudice, and, in judgement, to remember mercy. It would be an insult to the public to request the forgiveness of palpable errors or striking defects: should such appear against her, she will bow to the correcting observer who criticises with impartiality and decides with candour.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A Propensity to granting having of late given strong encouragement to idleness, and the fortunes of several distinguished families been irreparably hurt by that prevailing inclination, the authors presume to hope the many friends excited for endeavouring to delineate the fatal consequences in their most glaring colour. — Of this life is certain, though her character and incidents may not be the most pleasing, yet are they drawn from real life. The world will every day afford corroborating evidence of their existence. Those who may honour the following sheets with an attentive perusal, are earnestly entreated to discriminate without prejudice, and in judgement, to remember mercy. It would be an insult to the public to request the forgiveness of palpable errors or striking defects: should such appear against her, she will bow to the correcting observer who combines with impartiality and decides with candour.

T H E

G A M E S T E R S.

Miss JENKINS to the Rev. S. JENKINS.

Portland-Place, March 2.

WILL not my excellent parent tremble for the rectitude of his Louisa's principles?— Will he not dread the consequence of her journey to London, while she relates the effects already produced in her too ductile mind, by a continual vertigo of amusements, which succeed each other so rapidly, in this metropolis, as almost to preclude the necessary renovation of sleep? How would my father's unaffected piety be shocked, were he obliged to attend a

A

course

course of polite amusements, and to witness the frothy nothings or more dangerous witticisms which are perpetually obtruding upon us, from the thoughtless or designing, with whom it is impossible to avoid mixing while treading the circle of gaiety. How insipid, how contemptible, how alarming, did the language of a masquerade, the idle professions of conceited foppery, and the ruinous though familiar practice of *deep play*, appear to the girl, who, till within these few months, had been used to nought but the refined, though spirited, conversation of her revered correspondent, and the sprightly innocent sallies of her village friends! I have promised to be sincere with you, my dear sir: I am therefore compelled (tho' ashamed) to declare that a frequent repetition of the above liberties has lessened my reluctant scruples; but let me faithfully assure you, I still hold my detestation of those people who meet at this house, evidently for no purpose

purpose but that of avaritious gratifications. — It hurts me to hear my brother mention this propensity as the very essence of politeness. He plays with an eagerness that terrifies me. His apartments are crowded with the needy, the dissipated, and the interested : perhaps I may be too free in my remarks : yet when a gentleman, by birth, education, and principle, opens his door to avowed sharpers, or at best equivocal characters, does not such a conduct create, nay confirm, my suspicions?

Last Sunday the usual company assembled in our drawing-room. — Cards were produced, — my sister and self would have withdrawn. — Surely, even in polite estimation, such a conduct was by no means incongruous, as there were not any ladies present but ourselves. Wilmot followed, and reproached our dear Frances with want of respect to *his associates*. She breathed a sigh, turned back, and sat down to the table, timid, conscious, dejected ; while I,

not bound by any tie which might render a slavish compliance necessary, boldly declared my aversion to their entertainment.

It is with pain I have of late observed the rich suffusion, that crimsoned my sister's cheeks, no longer rivals and excels the expensive rouge which distinguishes the countenances of our *ever* blooming beauties. Poor Fanny! she was once blamed, by a fashionable fair, for being *lavish of her colours*, who remarked, she *painted* without judgement, and that her face more nearly resembled a full-blown rose than the fainter and more charming tint of the opening bud. Dear girl! that sweet complexion will no longer deceive the ignorant, or charm the admirer of unfulfilled nature. Her eyes, too! Indeed, sir, London has deprived your beloved of several *personal* advantages, but she will ever retain that *graceful* serenity, that dignity of aspect, which yet captivates while it awes. Could you just now view this exemplary
wife,

wife, and hear her gentle dissuasive language, with honest pride might my parent glory in his child.—She is tenderly endeavouring to lure her dissipated Edward from realising an engagement, the performance of which cannot redound to his honour. But no, her arguments are inefficacious, though urged with reason, delicacy, and apprehensive love.—I have now faithfully complied with the solemn injunction contained in your last; but, my good sir, let not my confessions or discoveries shake your peace. We are *your* daughters; doubt not our firmness in essentials.

L. J.

The Rev. S. JENKINS to Miss JENKINS.

Crawford-Abbey, March 4.

IF you wish to restore the peace of a careful father, if you mean to recover that simplicity of conduct which so amiably distinguished Louisa Jenkins, return, my dear, my altered, child, return to solitude

and Crawford-Abbey. Your anxious protector anticipates every evil, dreads every calamity, that can attend a deviation from those principles you once honoured with the most diligent observance.—Your sister, my soul's darling! what trials are preparing for that patient angel! What a conflict tears my aged breast! The *spirited Wilmot*, can he submit to *sharpers*? No, no, Louisa, we will not suppose —And yet, foolish old man, why this tear? —I know the disposition of my Frances, but I am also acquainted with her feminine softness, which will be unable to cope with those difficulties my weak mind portends; hasten your departure, my love: on that dutious bosom I can shed the drop of apprehension; you will sympathise with, and (maugre a parent's fears) cheerfully invent arguments to sooth and comfort, his troubled mind. Answer only by your presence at the Ship, on Friday next. S. J.

Miss

Miss JENKINS to Mrs. WILMOT.

Crawford-Abbey, March 13.

IT is I believe a well known adage, that “parting with friends is Satan’s invention.” With what eagerness did my straining eyes explore the dusky landscapes of spires almost enveloped in smoke, which lessened with every step; and how earnestly did I catch an uncertain view of the Pantheon, — where oft I have tripped on “light fantastic toe,” considering it as a landmark to the environs of Portland-place; but, when descending the last eminence which could possibly afford a glimpse of London, a sudden stupor rendered me nearly insensible, and even the tender expectation of meeting a worthy father *lost* its effect. Thoughtless girl! thus to lament the loss of pleasures that serve but to enervate the heart, and render it an easy prey to blamable attachments. —

Dear Frances, forgive this apostrophe, and you, my generous brother, join in an act

of oblivion for the offence. The pure air of Crawford-Abbey, added to my venerable teacher's gentle expostulations, has almost taken off that superficial polish which a long acquaintance naturally gives to rustic manners; a plain proof how trifling and unpermanent *that* polish which can so easily be removed. I suppose Edward will again recognize the *primitive enthusiast*, as Lord D— used to call me; no matter, I am the fitter companion for *one* who is the very reverse of that nobleman. His lordship will at least allow that what, in *his* estimation, may *disgrace* a drawingroom, can, upon occasion, *adorn* a sick chamber. Never did my sister appear more amiable than when administering to the necessities of a languid parent. Surely, if so much beauty could contentedly watch the tedious night, I, who never had the smallest pretensions to personal accomplishments, may cheerfully immure myself without reluctance. However, lest
you

you should think me qualified for a methodist preacher, I will change the subject, and endeavour to bring you acquainted with my fellow-travellers. They are truly originals. — Should the portraits, in some places, appear too darkly shaded, or, in others, exhibit themselves in colours too glaring for common life, be it remembered that nature is not always agreeably cloathed, and that, though her face at times look rough, and her voice found harsh and dissonant, yet she still is nature, and perhaps not the less worthy of notice for the diversity of her operations. — You know the hurry of elections, on the morning of my departure, had engaged every carriage: a circumstance the more uncomfortable, as the mischief done to yours rendered it unfit for use. Indeed, it was with difficulty I procured a place in the machine, which was occupied by a *lady* and three *gentlemen*, shall I call them? The first, who, from the advantage of years,

years, must distinguish the fore-ground of this piece, was an elderly person, dressed in a snuff-coloured coat full trimmed, green damask waistcoat, vellum button-holes, and a neat white wig, curled in the most exact order. His hat was a perfect triangle, ornamented with orange and white ribbons. — His words were conveyed in a snuffling whining tone. — Soon after we left London, he drew from a silk handkerchief a parcel, containing sweet cakes in abundance, which he charitably took care should spoil nobody's teeth but his own, not excepting even his daughter, whose appearance spoke not much in her favour. — Little fiery grey eyes, and a face covered with freckles. — Her riding-dress was rather *dérangé*, and spoke more of the vulgar grizette than the decent citizen. Opposite to me was placed a rough looking man; — one eye; — a great scar on his cheek. But, notwithstanding these disadvantages, a countenance expressive of the

the liveliest good-humour. His dress was deep blue, and blue ribbons likewise; an oaken stick supported his hands, which he leaned his face upon, till a sudden jerk of the coach dislodged it and gave rise to an observation, that, “if the vessel heel’d so much, he must take a spell on the quarter-deck.”—Then calling to the coachman, with “What the plague, helmsman, why don’t you put the ship about? D’ye think I’ll be kept under hatches, to be steered by such a land-lubber?” The absence of this amphibious creature would have been particularly grateful, as the effluvia of a certain herb, he was continually masticating, occasioned very disagreeable sensations, which were heightened by his frequent applications to the coach window, and not seldom depositing the precious distillations at our feet. Oh! but let me not forget, literally, a *sweet* young man, who appeared in a tawdry suit of cloaths; his hat, cane, &c. loaded with pink and white

white favours. We had not proceeded far, when the young lady became exceedingly pale. I noticed it, observing that riding seemed to disagree with her. — “ Odd
“ hang it, then, she had no business here ;
“ I tould her mother she’d be a plague
“ to me. — And then to mend the matter,
“ she must be dizen’d out in that fantasti-
“ cal manner—as I said, there wasn’t no-
“ body to wait a top of me ; I could hard-
“ ly get a clean neckloth, till the coach
“ called for us ; and behould, then they
“ hadn’t so much as aired my best
“ clothes. I supposes I shall catch a fine
“ cowl’d.” The old gentleman’s elaborate
harangue was interrupted by the sailor,
with “ Avaft, avast, mefsmate ; you took
“ care of the belly-timber though, I see
“ that, with your crinkledum crankledums
“ and maccaronies.” The *young* spark,
ignorantly supposing the word *maccaroni*
applied to himself, glowed with indigna-
tion at the fancied affront. Stroaking
down

down his ruffles, and adjusting his frill, on which glittered a monstrous pin, refulgent to the eye, "Sir, (said he to the sailor,) your application is extremely impertinent, but it shews your breeding."

"Who spoke to you, you jackanapes?
"Let's ha' no more of your palaver, you powder-monkey, or I shall demolish your upper-works, d'ye see, ay and lower your topsails, too. — What I suppose you are going to vote for Mr. Thingamy, by the colour of your ensign and pennant; but 'ware timbers, if I come athwart your hull. I wonder what such heads as yours are good for, but to deaden the force of a cannon-ball against a ship's side: it may do for that well enough, for its pretty much like a wool-pack."—Apprehensive of sanguinary consequences, I endeavoured to divert the threatened storm, by saying it was a pity every one did not vote from principle. "Principle! ay, ay, my smart
"little

“ little frigate, I am true blue, as the
“ man said, Old England for ever. Huz-
“ za !” — This was heartily returned by
the outside passengers, who were mostly
going on the same errand. As soon as
the clamour was abated, the whining cit,
taking up the word principle, muttered,
“ Principle, ay to be sure, principle and
“ interest too ; that’s my maxim, as I say ;
“ what’s one without the to’ther ? — Why
“ there’s my Sall now — as foolish as she
“ looks in that gimcrack nonsense, knows
“ the ~~time~~ value of money. — I lets her
“ keep my books ; for she can work any
“ sum as high as practice.” — “ A strange
“ *practice* that, (said the meddling beau,
“ who had scarcely recovered the sailor’s
“ reprimand) I should think plays and
“ balls and masquerades much fitter for
“ a lady’s amusement than to *keep books*.”
“ I say masquerades ! I wonder they i’nt
“ indeed ! — No, no, my Sall never gi’s
“ her mind to such fallal doings. Let
“ her

“ *play* with the pen, *dance* attendance in
 “ the shop, and wear a mask to keep the
 “ steam of the boiling tallow from her face,
 “ and welcome.” The *young* man eyed the
 retailer of candles, for such he proved to be,
 with a mixture of contempt and ridicule,
 gathered himself up in a corner, and, after
 whistling the maid of the mill, enjoyed a
 comfortable nap till we arrived at the inn.
 His example was followed by Sall’s father,
 which Neptune’s counterpart observing,
 he threw open the coach-door, mounted
 the box, and left the young lass and myself
 to rejoice at this unexpected deliverance.

Our esteemed parent met his obliged
 daughter at the Ship, where we all al-
 lighted. The sailor followed us to a pri-
 vate room, and, catching my father’s hand,
 expressed unfeigned pleasure at this meet-
 ing. “ I thought how ’twou’d be, faith.
 “ What, quite forgot Tom Ferguson?” —
 “ I had indeed lost all traces of your per-
 “ son, my worthy friend, you are so much
 “ altered.”

“alter’d.” — “Makes no odds for that.”
“— Lost my eye at Gibraltar; — got a
“knock on my face in an engagement off
“the coast of France; — but never mind
“that; my heart’s as sound as a roach. I
“have got some prize-money, and am
“come home to spend it. — But where’s
“my pretty Fanny? — She is married, I
“suppose.” — “She is indeed, capt. and
“will be happy to see her dear Ferguson.”

The honest tar did the business he came down for, and then followed us home. He means soon to visit Portland-place. What will Edward say to such an acquaintance? But he was ever an admirer of *yours*, and that will ensure his welcome to my brother.

Before we left Dover, Sir Henry Wilmot arrived; and, to our utter astonishment, behaved with great familiarity to the old man, addressing him by the name of Ingram. How the acquaintance arose between them perhaps Edward can explain.

Sir

Sir Henry spoke not to us, hurt as you know at his brother's entering into a family which had nought but *virtue* to recommend them. Since my arrival, the dreadful gout threatens our beloved parent with a severe trial of his exemplary patience. Will not your eyes dwell with unfeigned pleasure on the under-written testimony of his affection? L. JENKINS.

The Rev. Mr. JENKINS to Mr. and Mrs. WILMOT.

THOUGH tormented by the excruciating effects of a gouty paroxysm, your parent sends every affectionate wish, every tender blessing, to his Edward and Frances.

Mrs. WILMOT to Miss. JENKINS.
Portland-place, March 18.

YES, Louisa, my eyes did indeed dwell on the tender lines; and oh that I could as easily erase a father's corporeal
B sufferings

sufferings as my tears did the melancholy periods which conveyed those affecting tidings. Sweet comforter ! supply to him the place of thy sister ; watch over his drooping age, and sooth his painful moments : Be to him what I was for many years, his nurse and cheerful companion. Let your lively converse smooth the brow of anguish. Beguile the tedious minutes in relating the little anecdotes that may have occurred to your notice while resident in London : Place every incident in the fairest point of view, and tell him, that, when ascertained of his recovery, I shall be truly *happy*. — Why falls the word reluctant from my pen ? — I had almost made a blot. — Think not of it. my love. — I will thank you for the laughable scenes you have painted with so much liveliness, when animated by the news of our father's returning health. F. WILMOT.

The

The Rev. Mr. JENKINS to Mrs. WILMOT.

Crawford-Abbey, March 21.

YOUR father is already better, my child, and entreats a continuance of your pleasing correspondence; it enlivens his feeble spirits. Louisa will entertain him with your letters. Need he say Louisa is a second Frances?

Mrs. WILMOT to Miss JENKINS.

Portland-Place, March 22.

UPON recollection, are we right, my sister, in laying open every occurrence that may happen in a family whose œconomy is so totally different from that at Crawford-Abbey? — Do you imagine our parent's sensibility will not be shocked to hear of things that never yet had place in his conception? Remember you not how terrified he was at the subject of your last letters from London, the effect of which cruelly deprived me of your company? Forbear, then, particularly discriminating

B 2

those

those features whose apparent deformity may distress his delicate feelings. Relying on your prudence, I shall be perfectly explicit; leaving to my Louisa such arrangements as shall throw a pleasing light upon tints which may appear too coarse to please a tender father's eye. — Oh! the dear venerable man! how my heart exults in his amended health! I feared, indeed I feared, the roughness of a wintry storm, which might totally demolish his feeble tottering frame. — A summons to the Park prevents my pleasing employment. Mr. Wilnot bids defiance to the criticism of modish gallantry, and is not ashamed to be seen in public with his wife.

March 23.

O my dear, *such* an original! Talk not of our honest Ferguson, Ingram has it all to nothing. — Yes, Ingram, I repeat, exceeds, if possible, the portrait which your pen had dashed (as I falsely supposed) with too strong a tincture of caricature. — Indeed

deed, I can now give absolute credit to your other designs. — My husband has heard of this man and his connections with Sir Henry, but knew not till yesterday the paltry usurer. Soon after our return from the Park, a *gentleman* was announced. — We were at tea. — Eight o'clock was an uncommon hour for business. — The message seemed to indicate our visitor's motive; John smiled when he delivered it. My husband ordered him to conduct the person up stairs. He entered the room with a confused air, and it was not till after several awkward bows, (performed by striking out his heel backward, to the no small danger of the servant's shins, who followed to reach a chair,) that he could be persuaded to sit. Mr. Wilmot demanded his business. He stood up, and, with another obeisance, produced a large torn memorandum book, from which he drew a paper, and presented it to Edward, who started at the sight. — “ A letter from Sir

“ Henry Wilmot ? ” — “ Yes, sir, I am
“ very intimate with his honour. — He
“ can’t never do nothing in the money-
“ way without *me*.” A letter from that
bad man ! — Louisa, my curiosity was a-
wakened to know what could have occa-
sioned an epistle from one, who, notwith-
standing his fraternal affinity, has ever
been an inveterate enemy to the best of bro-
thers. — To our utter surprise, it inclo-
fed a bill, drawn upon my husband, and
payable at sight to the person who pre-
sented it ! — Amazing effrontery ! — Not
content with squandering an immense for-
tune of his own, and taking up consider-
able sums in Mr. Wilmot’s name, he has
now practised a new and no less infamous
method on his generous brother, whose
noble heart and ill-requited affection had
hitherto indulged his avaricious and almost
unbounded demands. The laconic note
which accompanied the bill was as fol-
lows.

SIR,

SIR,

I Desire you will answer the inclosed, payable to the bearer, Timothy Ingram.—Had not the will of a superannuated uncle wickedly deprived me of my lawful claim, an injured brother would not have been reduced to the hateful necessity of asking a favour which justice would consider as his right.

HENRY WILMOT,

“ Your name I think is Ingram,” said Edward. — “ Yes, sir, that’s my name; “ I’m not ashamed of it, though I say it “ that shou’d’nt say it.” — “ Does my “ brother expect me to answer this demand?” — “ To be sure, sir. His honour tould me that you had shov’d him “ out of his chance. — Nay, for the matter nor that — but least said is soonest “ mended, as I say.” — “ You are impertinent, Mr. Ingram.” — I beg pardon, sir; nobody living never behaves “ no better to their superors than I does.

B 4

“ But

“ But only be pleas’d for to consider.”
“ I do, — that this is an unjustifiable re-
“ quest. — What right have I to pay
“ Sir Henry Wilmot’s debts?” — “ Oh
“ that’s neither here nor there. — His
“ honour owes me a great deal of money;
“ and though I am but a tallow-chand-
“ ler, I have been up yarly and down
“ late, as the saying is, and all for to
“ scrape together a little cash.” — The
man’s tongue was set at liberty, my hus-
band looked impatient, but to no pur-
pose. “ You certainly cannot suppose
“ me weak enough to pay money I owe
“ not.” — “ But I certainly does, sir;
“ times are hard, sir; very hard; stocks
“ are low; — must sell out to a great dis-
“ advantage, if I haven’t my money. —
“ shou’d a come arter it afore now, but I was
“ oblig’d to go to the Dover election; for
“ I have got a snug little freehold there;
“ so as I thought ’twou’d cost nothing,
“ takes my Sall along with me; — and
“ behould

“ behould Mr. T. lost his election, — never paid a farden of the expences ; and
“ poor Salt and I was fain to come up in
“ the waggon.” — Sick of this shocking harangue, Edward said, “ I shall write
“ to my brother immediately ; you may
“ call on Saturday, but must excuse my
“ compliance with your request till I hear
“ again from him.”

This mixture of impertinence, ignorance, and obsequiousness, who had been gnawing the top of an old-fashioned cane, during his intervals of speech, now arose from his chair, — taking his wig by the foretop, and giving it a violent shake, he was about to put on his hat, but, suddenly recollecting, drew back his hand, and, bowing as he retreated, — “ I beg pardon,
“ sir, for giving you all this here trouble ; but nobody never can’t blame a
“ man for axing for his own. — I wonders how Sir Henry cou’d go for to
“ make sich a lacquy of me. — I can tell
“ him

“ (looking big) my time’s too precious
 “ to be spent in sich sleeveless errands. —
 “ Howsomdever, I wishes you a good
 “ night.” And down he went, muttering,
 without noticing me by the smallest token
 of respect, as not being of consequence
 enough, I suppose to engage his atten-
 tion. *March 25.*

A stranger, my dear, has made us a
 flying visit. — Poor Ferguson ! his joy was
 ungovernable to see me so splendidly ac-
 commodated. — My husband welcomed
 him with that affability so endearing to
 a generous spirit. — The captain whispered
 to me, — “ Upon my soul, you’ve got a
 “ noble commander. — One of the right
 “ sort, too. — No wonder you struck to
 “ such a brave fellow. — Not the least
 “ room for parley, faith.” What a free
 creature ! But who could be angry at such
 a friendly though coarse congratulation.
 He soon departed, after assuring Edward,
 in answer to the most cordial and general
 invitation,

invitation, that he should often make one at his mess. — I was much affected at the ravages war had committed on his open and once handsome face. — You were too young, even when he went last abroad, to remember his person or connections, The former was pleasing to a degree; the latter, respectable though confined. — I will give you the outlines of his history, as, from some unaccountable reason, it has never been particularised to my sister.

Ferguson's eager propensity to the seas intirely subverted his father's intentions, which were, to have given him a college education. But in vain did his friends remonstrate; in vain was the chastisement of his tutor repeated, even, as he informed us, to the extremity of school-discipline; no flagellation could banish the idea imbibed from earliest youth, and he at last ran away, and took refuge in the ship he afterwards commanded. — Often, when a child, have I listened, with a mixture

ture of terror and delight, to tales which would now excite the most disagreeable sensations!—He was ever a favourite with our parents, for that honest simplicity which bids defiance to laws and customs.

Ferguson is yet a bachelor, and most likely will remain such. The cause would extort a tear of pity from the hardened eye of selfishness. — In a voyage to India he was left at St. Helena, in consequence of a dangerous illness that had seized him on shore. During his stay, he contracted an acquaintance with the daughter of his landlord. She was an amiable girl, who, to a simplicity equal to his own, added the advantage of a good education, having passed the early part of life in England. Her temper was gentle, her feelings noble. Poor Peggy Levison! I have yet in my possession the letter Ferguson wrote to my father on the subject of her death. 'Tis a real curiosity; I would give it you verbatim, but, upon examination, the
contents

contents are so mutilated as to render it impossible to copy or transcribe them fairly ; you must therefore be content with what I can recollect of this melancholy story.—Ferguson, who then was but a midshipman, had the address to persuade the young woman to accompany him hither. Her friends heard of this resolution, and prevented its completion by her close confinement. The sailor, precisely at that age when love acts with irresistible force, unaided by reason, tried several methods to obtain an interview ; but fruitless were his endeavours, till an accident threw her in his way. Their parting was such as might be expected from a situation so pitiable. She gave him the following lines, which he prizes, I am well assured, above all earthly treasure. I have *seen* the original, but he would not trust it from his hands.

Nay,

Nay, hide that tear, my faithful love,
Such tenderness restrain,
One kiss alone thy Marg'ret asks,
One kiss shall sooth her pain.

What though beneath the moon's soft ray,
Along the strand I pensive stray,
In vain to seek thee there ;
What though I cast a wat'ry eye
To where proud ocean meets the sky,
My soul shall not despair.

Though angry tempests round us roar,
And, furious, shake this rocky shore
With every evil fraught,
Thy recollected vows shall cheer
My heart, and dry the starting tear,
That springs from apprehensive thought.

This little sonnet, simple but sincere, I
have often seen him weep over. — Several
years elapsed ere he could visit the island
where his treasure was confined. — At last,
the long-desired moment arrived ; but, a-
las ! too soon for his peace. — Nimbly did
this constant lover make towards the shore,
certain

certain of meeting his darling Peggy. — *He did meet her.* — The night was stormy; the waves beat dreadfully on the beach; a dangerous surf prevented their landing; and the boat's-crew lay till dawn upon their oars. — The wind fell; the morning broke uncommonly serene; Ferguson's heart leaped with extasy at the distant view of Mr. Levison's habitation. They rowed towards the landing place, when, impatient of farther delay, he jumped into the water. — A sunken boat lay near, which he caught hold of; his weight tilted up the wreck. — Three victims to the tempest lay dead at the bottom. — Horrid sight! he let go his hold. — Humanity, perhaps curiosity, induced him to examine them nearer. — He stooped, — gazed, — rubbed his eyes, — gazed again; — one of the lifeless beings was — his Peggy! — The sweet, tender, endearing, object of his wishes, had lost her life for *him*. Ferguson's head grew dizzy. — He could not stand. —

stand. — The men carried him on shore insensible; and, for three weeks, the poor sailor was expected to follow his lost love, but he recovered slowly; and they afterwards informed him, the unfortunate creature had stolen from her father's house that dreadful evening, and bribed three sailors to put her on board her lover's ship, in consequence of a letter she had that day received. They told her it was impossible; but she dreaded nothing so much as being prevented, and they could not withstand her intreaties: — She entered the boat; — they were soon rendered unable to proceed or retract, but lay beating amidst the surf, when a cruel gust of wind dashed the little vessel against a rock. — It sunk. — One poor fellow gained the shore; the others, with Ferguson's unhappy love, were overpowered by the weight of water and lost their lives. Unwilling to leave the drowning female, it was believed they staid too long to assist her. — Noble fellows!

fellows! pity their resolution should have been attended with such fatal consequences! — Since that dreadful occurrence, Ferguson has at times discovered a wildness in his conversation and behaviour which can only be accounted for by that fatal accident.

Adieu, my ever dear sister. Forget not to offer our most dutiful congratulations to the revered companion and instructor of my youth.

F. WILMOT.

EDWARD WILMOT, *Esq.* to Sir HENRY
WILMOT.

Portland-Place, March 24.

HOW is that spirit fallen, which used to characterise Sir Henry Wilmot! Why does my brother submit to such a mode of proceeding, with his *yet* affectionate Edward, as must argue him totally lost to every finer feeling? — Why upbraid *me* with a venerable uncle's distinction? — I sought not his favour. —

C

The

The gift was free. — No practised art, no mean chicanery, turned the stream of affection to my advantage. It was but the consideration of *your* noble inheritance and my confined circumstances that induced Mr. Vernon to consign his *all* to a younger nephew. — Title, fortune, splendor, he well knew, must go with the hereditary estate. And as *well* he knew, no prospect remained for me but the church, the army, or some profession I might shew no predilection in favour of. Doubt not but these were his motives for an act which you reprobate. An act that has brought down the causeless resentment of hasty misconception upon an unoffending relation. Tell me, will my compliance with your last request — purchase, must I say? — Hateful word! when thus applied! — Well, *purchase*, then, a gleam of affection? Will you, my still dear brother, condescend to acknowledge and visit the tenderest of friends? The best of women, —
your

your sister, — my wife, — entreats you will give her an opportunity of thanking you for your kind felicitations on our marriage; she will be happy to receive them, though so long protracted.

EDWARD WILMOT.

Sir HENRY to EDWARD WILMOT, *Esq.*

AR E harsh rebukes, and mean insinuations an answer to my request? And must I *purchase* what ought to be my own without conditions? — A few hundreds are the vast demand. Mighty sacrifice! — No, sir, I will *not* purchase. — Remit the cash, and trust to my gratitude

HENRY WILMOT.

EDWARD WILMOT to *Sir* HENRY.

S E N D Ingram, or whom you please, for the money, but it is the last you will ever receive from,

EDWARD WILMOT.

Mrs. WILMOT to Miss JENKINS.

MY husband, by his unbounded generosity, is heaping coals of fire on a thankless brother's head. — The demand is satisfied; Ingram came agreeably to appointment, and received the money, with triumph in his countenance. Sordid wretch! Servility, avarice, and an expression of rapaciousness, seem blended in his features. — What a meanness in Sir Henry to encourage that cringing, paltry, monied, man! I fear there is a coalition between the *pair* that may be productive of future evils. — Remember, our father sees not this.

Edward is generous; let me not substitute a harsher name. Sure it was not *extravagance* that dictated the liberal allowance to a portionless bride: For such Louisa knows this noble man made partner of his fortunes. Oh! then, let me not think *that* extravagance, to a brother, which takes the name of *generosity*, when

a wife is to reap the benefit. Thus far all is right. But, my sister, what shall we term it when extended to a stranger? — perhaps a *gamester*! — Shocking suspicion! — Grant heaven it were groundless! — I will explain the whole; least, by obscure inuendoes, your fears be raised to a higher pitch than the occasion may justify. — Thus, then. — Going rather abruptly into the chamber that leads to Wilmot's library, where he receives people upon business, and which has a communication with the interior apartments, I perceived an uncouth figure in earnest conversation with him, who proved upon, nearer inspection, to be an Israelite! Not conceiving what could possibly induce my husband to admit one of his cast to the smallest degree of intimacy, I paused, not knowing whether to retire or to stay, when the Jew, exalting his voice, riveted me to the place; and shall I own, (will you not condemn your Frances for an action, which,

C 3

which, even at this period, raises the blush of shame ?) I listened, Louisa ; I became a mean filcher of my husband's secrets, and deservedly was punished. The first words I could distinguish were from the Jew — “ But the discount, sir ; ’tish a very crate sum, sir ; you acknowledges the note, please your honour.”

“ What have I to do with the discount ? the note will be paid when due.”

“ Oh yes, sir ; nobody shall doubt your honour's generosity ; but” — “ But what ? — Go to Mr. Ward with your demand, and trouble me no farther, till the fourth of next month.” — “ But Mr. Ward did say as you wou'd pay the discount.” — “ Blackhead, begone, Am I for ever to be pestered with Jews and sharpers !” — “ I am no sharper, your honour ; I am a very honest man, every one in Dukes-place shall give me a good character. But I must have the discount. Mr. Ward did say he would settle with you, sir, — ’tish but twenty

“ twenty pounds, sir.” Edward threw to the door suddenly. The Jew retired, muttering, “ fell, fell, — tish no crate matters. I shall make you pay the av’rage in “ meal or malt.”

Oh ! my love, what I suffered at that period was trifling to what wrung my soul when Wilmot exclaimed. — “ Curfed, “ curfed, dupe ! — Fortune, thou art mine “ enemy ! — What destruction of my “ peace does this pernicious love of ga- “ ming make !” — This was too much. I softly withdrew, endeavouring to compose the internal tumult, and meet my Edward with a *smile*, while my bosom was racked with unavoidable regret for a conduct which I *must* stile disingenuous, and deeply touched to find this infatuated man a prey to — oh ! sister, can I say to what ?

Do you remember a short, thick, black man, who played once at our house, while my Louisa was a welcome inmate of Portland-Place ? He wore a striped waist-coat, narrow gold binding, a single-curl

wig, the hair hanging over his forehead, and reaching his bushy sable brows. His countenance louring and heavy; remarkable, too, for never looking in the face of any one. — This wretch is *Mr. Ward*; and, must I say, a creditor of my deluded Wilmot's? The debt, I have no doubt, was contracted at cards. With what disgust, contempt, and shame, has your Frances been affected, when obliged to shew an outward civility to the man she could have spurned from her table. Lord D. though a *gamester*, is a man of family. — But this, — this dark machinating villain, is a disgrace to society. Ignorant, — low, — selfish, — without spirit, when openly offended, to resent, — incapable of a generous forgiveness, — and at the same time, he is suspicious of his adversary, though employing every dirty method to gain an unlawful advantage. — Yet is he a companion for *people of distinction*! — Do you wonder at this severe enumeration of Ward's imperfections? Alas! it is the effect

fect of a close investigation of his manners, while employed at the card-table. — Oh! my bursting heart! — The lord, the gentleman, the cit, and — dreadful addition! — the swindler, are all upon the same footing, while full purses declare their ability to fill the set.

I sicken at the retrospect! Need I repeat the absolute necessity there is for keeping the smallest hint of these proceedings a secret from our father. — Tell him — I know not what. — Do you supply the chasm with all that can express affection and duty.

F. W.

Miss JENKINS to Mrs. WILMOT.

April 4.

TO say I *feel* for my dear sister, would be an injury to her Louisa's tenderness. What need of professions where the soul speaks in every action? or what is condolance without relief? The mere pomp and ceremony of cold-hearted formality.

Listen

Listen to me, my Frances; or rather listen to a *parent's* soothing. — Yes, he knows your distress. It was impossible to conceal it. My tears betrayed the secret. — Could I know my heart's darling to be unhappy, and appear tranquil? No, no; Louisa's affection is not so languid. But be not disturbed. Our father is a *Christian*. He broke into no invectives; uttered no expressions of discontent against omnipotence. A sigh, perhaps a tear, might mark his sense of a beloved daughter's anxiety: — But no more, not even a wish that she had been more justly paired.

“ Tell my child, he said, a father sympathises with her in her sorrows. Tell her, she is *now* called to an exertion of those virtues formerly attributed to her, and which have been my boast and glory. She will now realise her claim to those excellencies we can only guess at, till troubles bring them into action, My Frances has hitherto been an honour

"nour to her family. Justly has she prac-
 "tised every species of goodness which
 "could be displayed in prosperity. We
 "shall now see if a contrary situation will
 "shade that brilliancy in her character
 "which an easy state exhibited to the ut-
 "most advantage. The imbecility of
 "our nature will ever push the diffident
 "on to explore the darkest side of life's
 "uncertain prospect, and, by so doing, to
 "destroy those comforts heaven has de-
 "signed for our immediate enjoyment.
 "It is not every one who can pass through
 "this state of probation without those
 "painful rubs which are meant as trials
 "to the good and punishments to the
 "wicked. — May *my* daughter meet with
 "them as *trials*, and not, by impatience,
 "convert them into punishments."

Thus spoke the sage. Sweet and sa-
 lutory are his precepts. Give them weight,
 my sister. — Edward's politeness prevents
 any fear of his seeing my letters. — Give
 him

him twenty kisses for his *primitive* sister. How I love the tender, may I say *mistaken*, Wilmot. Adieu, dear and ever dear Frances. L.J.

Lady WILMOT to Sir HENRY WILMOT.

Convent at St. Omers, April 5.

ALAS, my beloved, must these hated walls for ever seclude an impatient wife from paying her duty where heaven and inclination direct? Have no soft emotions awakened a wish to see an innocent prisoner, and receive her full and free forgiveness? — Yes, with transports inexpressible would I seal the pardon of a repentant husband. — Five long years have marked their tedious course since the dearest of mankind has blessed these faded eyes. — The matin-bell may rouse my sleeping senses to join a careless congregation in their unmeaning devotions; the evening vespers may disturb my melancholy meditations, while indulging in solitude

litude the precious idea of past felicity; the precepts of an austere divine may terrify, with threats of punishment, a harmless auditor; but can the matin-bell or evening summons lull a mourner's feeling? No; nor preaching gravity banish sentiments you once taught her to encourage. — Say, can the cold exteriors of religion supply the vivid glow which animates a zealous Christian's heart? Or a set of words, continually repeated, soften the horrors of extreme wretchedness, and stifle the cutting sense of happiness for ever fled? Well do I know they cannot. The discontented devotee may offer up her prayers to heaven for resignation, but worldly disappointments will distract the petition, and render it inefficacious. — In vain the organ's solemn peal and virgin's choral song shall strike the ear, while petrifying sorrows warp our reason, and passion takes the lead of understanding.

Call

Call me not an enthusiast. Report me not as lunatic. Olivia is neither. Blame not the effusion of affection, nor wonder at my warmth of expression, since it is owing solely to your neglect. Once my love was no crime. It was "the balm of Heaven. The
" comfort of your soul. It was more
" lenient and salutary than the even-
" ing gales; more sweet and grateful
" than pardon to the condemned." My memory is still retentive. I have not forgotten the contents of that charming note which declared my Henry's love. Alas! how many believing creatures have your fascinating protestations destroyed!

I have been told you gave out I was mad. Again they assured me that our difference in religious opinions had tormented your *conscience*, and urged you to run from an affectionate wife *because she was a catholic*. A trifling invention this, Sir Henry. Could *your conscience* dictate
such

such barbarity? No, no, no. — The man who laughs at our religion can have no true regard for any. — Did *conscience* teach you to desert the sacred marriage-bed for that of an Adultress? A most convenient conscience, truly! Pretty much like that of your royal namesake, which induced him to divorce the exemplary Catharine, after eighteen years connubial felicity. — Again I repeat, once my love was no crime. When, irritated almost to madness, you execrated my parents for shutting up their daughter in a convent, the tenets of my belief were not an object. Alike the difference between Catholic or Protestant. Can I forget how the dear the dangerous Wilmot swore that love, immortal love and gratitude, should reward that temerity which induced me to seek a refuge in Henry's protection? For rapturous months I found it *there*, till the force of Tenby's charms lessened my influence, and, after continued mortifications, you fled,

fled, basely abandoned me, and fled to England with the vilest of her sex. She too could leave an endearing husband and innocent family: Wretched woman! — Patient! — Can I repeat the horrors which on that dreadful morn assailed my soul! When a stern and awful *father* met my averted eyes, instead of the man I still idolised! — What scenes of woe! — A faithless husband vanished; a justly-offended parent venting the keenest reproaches, the heaviest curses, against my misconduct! — Yes, cruel man, not content with leaving me to distress, you informed my family where to find her who had so much disgraced it. All this was terrible; but, to complete the shocking catalogue of crimes, a convent was to be my prison, where taunts, reproaches, threats, were used to bring me to a sense of my miserable destiny. Repent, return, my lost my cruel baronet. Olivia sues but for a token of peace. — For the blessed
virgin's

virgin's sake, for the sake of your own neglected soul, smother the sense of your past transgression by a kind and tender remembrance of your *wife*. — I am your *wife*, Sir Henry, by the most solemn ties. The heavenly sacrament of marriage made us *one*. Do not do violence to that great institution, by persisting in a denial which can do you no credit. — These venerable walls, these gothic buildings, hollow groves, and awful tombs, have often witnessed the sad Olivia's groans, responsive sighs, and tearful declarations of her disappointed love! — Alas! I sink. — My husband, redeem thy miserable victim, while yet she lives. Soon you will be freed from

OLIVIA WILMOT.

Madame & Madame L'Abbesse De St. Clair,

April 10.

IT is highly necessary to keep a strict guard on that unhappy lunatic, Olivia Lafour. She has written, by post, to a

D

friend

friend in England. Farther information is needless, except that the error must not be repeated.

HENRY WILMOT.

The Abbess De St. CLAIR to Monsieur

WILMOT.

STRANGE reports have circulated through the convent, monsieur. Our nuns scruple not to say mademoiselle Lafour is unjustly confined; that she is the lawful wife of monsieur Wilmot. — Certainly these suspicions have arisen from *her* positive declarations to the same effect. She has made a party in her favour; — they may reveal the matter to their confessors; — in that case his holiness would soon take cognizance of this affair, and I should be severely reprimanded for detaining the wife of a heretic. Advise me, monsieur, how to escape the threatened evil.

JANET ST. CLAIR.

Madame

Madame a Madame L'Abbeſs De ST. CLAIR.

FEAR not, madame: you are perfectly ſafe. I laugh at the idle reveries of a fooliſh woman. She is *not* my wife. I committed her to your care at the inſtigation of her Engliſh friends. They are rich: her liberal allowance indicates that. I repeat, fear nothing. — Her eſcape from the convent, or correſpondence with any one out of it, is all you have to guard againſt. Incloſed you will find her quarterly allowance. Adieu, madame. Be vigilant.

HENRY WILMOT.

Sir HENRY WILMOT to Mrs. TENBY.

Folkſtone, April 20.

TENBY, I am petrified. — My wife! — Curſe on the title. — My wife, that tame, inſipid, ſentimental, being, has written to me — quite in ſtyle — *ſuch* a letter! — Oh thou dear ſpirited conſtrast to that — I have not a name expreſſive of my abhorrence.

D 2

What

What must be done? She begins to prate; — grows restive; — has told a story at St. Omers which gains credit. The stupid enthusiastic women about her want to develope the matter. The old mother, too, — wishes to be secure; is fearful of the pope's censure. — Lord help the shallow-brained creatures, that can be kept under by such ridiculous notions! — However, I have taken measures to stop the avaricious superior's mouth. She can digest gold and wink at falsehoods as well as e'er a lady abbess in christendom. But, should that disturber of my peace grow troublesome, must Tenby be ravished from me? — I will not suppose it. — Another mischief, too. My brother dares to expostulate! Ingram, contemptible wretch, grows clamorous. I sent him to Edward with a demand: It was answered reluctantly. With much ado I have obtained a part of it from the rapacious fellow who

who went for it. Inclosed is all I could get from him.

Sweet disposer of my fate, write immediately. — A line from my awful charmer will calm the agitation that racks the bosom of her

WILMOT.

Mrs. TENBY to Sir HENRY WILMOT.

Cavendish-square, April 22.

A Part of the money ! And why not the whole ? It was a disappointment, sir. My creditors are clamorous. — Distraction ! How shall I express my shame ? Stopped in my chair, when just entering the Pantheon. — The savages ! — I detest them. — Superbly dressed in the character of a sultaneß, — Prepared to extort universal adoration. — No intreaties sufficient, though my proud heart bent to solicit for that evening only. — Carried to a spunging-house. — Disgrace reiterated ! — Was discovered by Lord D. who sent a person after me with full conditions of

D 3 release. —

release. — How the fawning villains cringed ! — The upholsterer, at whose suit I was arrested, grew complaisant. I left the wretches, and hastened to that earthly paradise. — It had lost its charms ; my thoughts were unhinged. — The transition was too sudden, from a prison to a palace. — The heart should be perfectly at ease to relish such enjoyments. — Mine was not so. I expected to find a creditor under every mask. — Could not dance, though solicited by the great, the gay, the witty. Lord D. approached me. — I shunned him. I was too sensible of obligation to be cheerful in his company. Poor Lord D. it was ungenerous. — But he soon found consolation in the studied repartees and bold retorts of the cyprian goddesses. — Sick of diversions in which I could not mix, and tired with the incessant importunities of those who think a lady unattended is fair prey, I left the place and went home, but could not sleep. Something like serious reflection darted upon my weak mind ;
but

but it vanished with the morning, or rather with the noon. — Your *wife* is troublesome. — What is that to me? — She must be silenced. — Send more money, if you value the favour of ELIZA TENBY.

Sir HENRY WILMOT to Mrs. TENBY.

Folkstone, April 23

CURSED intelligence! The elegant Eliza Tenby taken to a spunging-house! Reduced to supplicate unfeeling ruffians, and supplicate in *vain*! Where was Wilmot, at that shocking period? Far, far, distant. — And what was yet worse, the woman on whom my soul doated necessitated to accept the means of release from a libertine lord! — Tenby, he meditates a return. Lord D. never yet conferred an obligation upon a lady without adequate recompence. — My soul spurns at the hateful thought. — Take my all. Redeem your consequence. Hurt not the delicacy of my attachment by a bare sup-

position that another can claim your gratitude. — Make use of the bill I have sent. We have means in petto for extracting more money from the simple Edward. He little imagines I have a feeling in the business between him and Ward. — They are both my instruments; totally in my power; the one from his unsuspecting honesty and unaccountable penchant for gaming, the other for more substantial reasons. He owes his life to *me*, and would have made his exit e're now at Newgate, had I not refused to appear when my evidence only was wanting to convict him of a highway robbery. Interest will make the rogue attentive — I have cloathed him like a gentleman; that is, a *gentleman gamester*. We must suit dress in some measure to appearance. A bag-wig would as ill become Jacob Ward as a tyburn-top the archbishop of Canterbury. — Sometime after his narrow escape Edward Wilmot picked him up at a certain house in
St.

St. James's street, where he had, a few days before, been introduced by me. — The dog has his cue. — My brother noticed his *apparent* fair play. A dispute, in which Ward was umpire, gave Edward a favourable impression of the cunning fellow. To complete the whole, he generally contrived to be in Wilmot's set, and, by a constant guard on his expressions and an unassuming mode of behaviour, so far wrought on him as to be included in a party in Portland-place, where, notwithstanding the many losses which Edward has sustained from his new acquaintance, and a vulgarity that renders him hateful to Mrs. Wilmot, he still keeps his footing, and is introduced to the genteelest company.

Have you yet, my beloved Eliza, procured an establishment in my sister's drawing-room, or rather at my brother's card-table? — There can be no difficulty in this manœuvre. — A rout will countenance

nance any freedom of this kind. If you have not already been introduced, delay no longer to put in practice a step which will be truly profitable, as you know Ward plays there. Take the hint. I cannot be in town, but am happy in my delegates.

— Whist is the word. — Wilmot plays high. — So much the better; his temerity will fill our pockets. Be careful of detection. Adieu, my charmer; I shall envy the happy mortals who will feast their eyes on your beauties. H. W.

Mrs. WILMOT to Miss. JENKINS.
Portland-place, May 1.

WITH the deepest gratitude a dutiful and obliged daughter offers every acknowledgement for her parent's footherings, admonitions, and instruction. I will, my father, endeavour to be all you wish. — To Louisa the tenderest remembrances are due, for her kind and gentle participation of her sister's distress. — I shall

shall now proceed to inform her of an anecdote that must excite wonder and indignation.—Yes, my love.—You, whose gentleness of manners, purity of principle, and dignity of conduct, are almost without example, will be astonished to find there are women of such a cast as the lady whose character I shall endeavour to delineate.

You know my husband's propensity for company, and that he is all himself in a mixed assembly of the fashionable and spirited; — (tho' I doubt he feels more *delight* in a *select party*;)—a sigh will interfere, sister.

Last Thursday our rooms were uncommonly crowded; the visitors exceedingly brilliant, that is, richly decorated; I speak not of interior brightness. Indeed, my dear, a rout, in the opinion of the sensible and judicious, means little more than a collection of both sexes, who meet for no earthly purpose but to shew their taste in dress,

dress, skill at cards, or ingenuity in satirising particular characters, by the significant leer, malignant whisper, or more open sarcastic remarks on those whose appearance may not announce the extremity of fashion. — Among the latter was a *gentleman*, not indeed indebted to his cloaths for that denomination, they bearing, though rich, the marks of antiquity; but there was an uncommon air of grandeur about his person. His countenance wore a deep and settled melancholy, which was at times rendered still more particular by a disgusting ferocity. — He was introduced to Edward, who left him, after the accustomed etiquette, to join some whist-players. — A groupe of insensible fluttering beings soon found subject for their empty witticisms in the person, or rather dress, of this stranger. He heeded not their remarks, but seemed to confine his attention to a distant table, at which presided two ladies, my husband, and the detestable

testable Ward. When the rubber was finished the ladies arose with pleasure on their faces, which I have no doubt Wilmot's usual *good* fortune gave rise to. — they approached my chair, arm in arm, paid their compliments, and paraded round the room, followed by the eyes of every one within their vortex. The person of the tallest was graceful in the extreme. Her complexion beautiful by nature, yet heightened, or, to speak more properly, sullied, by chemical preparations. The artful tints, which covered her fine turned cheek, it is true, added lustre to the brightest eyes in the world. She was profusely ornamented with foils, fringe, flowers, and feathers. — A fancy-hat, glittering with diamonds, completed her finery.

The stranger started as she passed him. He arose, and followed her with his eyes. She saw him not, but went into the apartments appropriated to the purpose of taking

king refreshments.—A croud of gentlemen met her as she returned. Lord D. was particularly assiduous. — A fine woman will ever obtain the notice of his lordship. — She scarcely attended to his numerous compliments, but rather avoided him. — It was strange, as the sole purpose of exhibiting her shewy person, seemed to indicate conquest. One of the fops asked, in an intelligible whisper, if so fair a divinity was married.

“ Married ! (she exclaimed, in a true “ quality tone,) no ; heaven forbid.”

Her voice awakened the stranger from a stupor which appeared to have overwhelmed his faculties. He drew near this haughty goddess of the evening. Her triumph was ungovernable. — She laughed, talked, and would have sung, could she have found a precedent for such a liberty. — Delighted to observe the eagerness of her attendants, she distributed her little favours with an equal hand ; it

was

was immensely warm, she said. Somebody immediately vibrated her fan, protesting, the sweetness of her breath impregnated the gentle gales with every mellifluous perfume of spicy Arabia. — What bombast! but it was acceptable. She tapped the cheek of another beau with an elegant nosegay.

“Poor (said he to the bouquet) are
 “thy colours, when compared to that
 “vivid bloom; even the envious rose
 “must lose its charming attributes while
 “near such a blaze of beauty.”

He was rewarded with the *flower* which had suffered by this ridiculous comparison. — She then dropped into a chair, by the side of *him* who had closely watched her. — “How horridly fatiguing, (she
 “cried) I am almost suffocated with
 “compliments.” Lord D. came across the room to try *his* influence. She perceived him, started from her chair, and with the velocity of her motion tore the
 gold

gold fringe from her petticoat, which had caught in the strange gentleman's buckle, who stooped to disengage it.

"Come, prithee be quick; I want to avoid a troublesome companion." —

She was flying from him; he seized her hands, — gazed, — and, with a countenance too terrible for description, wildly articulated — "My wife! My lost my
"perjured Eliza!" Oh! how his eyes flamed as he fixed them on her! they absolutely seemed as though bursting their sockets.

The colour totally forsook her face, excepting that which neither sickness nor fear could destroy. — With a haughty voice, in which terror was predominant, she uttered, stamping her foot, "What
"means the fellow? — I know thee not.

"— Why this saucy intrusion?" —

"Not know me! Not know your
"fond forsaken Tenby! — No wonder.

"— My fortune gone; — my reputation
"ruined;

"ruined; — my senses too imperfect." —
(Here the big tear fell from his glowing
cheek upon her hand.) — "How should
"the gay, the thoughtless, the unfeeling,
"Eliza recognize her husband, under
"such shocking circumstances?"

"Begone, sir; terrify not an unpro-
"tected woman. — Gentlemen, Mr. Wil-
"mot, relieve me from this madman."

"Stir not, he said; you shall not go.
"— Look, unhappy creature, behold the
"man you have treated with such cru-
"elty."

Lord D. would have interposed. —
"Stop, sir; touch her not. She is my
"wife; nor heaven nor hell shall part
"us more. — I *am* mad; (and his coun-
"tenance took a still more tremendous
"turn,) I *am* mad. — But who has made
"me so? — *Who* left the fondest, ten-
"derest, faithfulest, companion, for an
"abandoned libertine? — *Who* left two
"blooming infants a prey to misery and

E

" pining

“ pining indigence? — *Who* left the fa-
“ ther of those helpless babes to fell dis-
“ traction?” (Good God! how he wept!)
“ Twelve tedious months thy wretched
“ Orlando endured the torments of in-
“ sanity, and those worse torments which
“ attend our lucid intervals. — Again he
“ feels the torments of distress over-
“ whelm his reason. — Yes, he feels it
“ *here*; (striking his forehead;) my brain
“ is boiling hot. — And *here*; (touching
“ his bosom;) my heart is in the other
“ extreme.”

This was dreadful. She seemed ready to faint; her features worked. She could not even deny his allegations. — Mr. Wilmot now drew near the miserable pair. — “ Retire with me, dear sir; you
“ are not well.” — He loosed his hold and sunk upon the floor. She flew out of the room. Her husband rose in an instant. — “ Where is she? Call her to me.
“ let her see my heart-strings burst. — It
“ will

“ will be a pleasure.” — He almost foamed; and speaking fiercely to Edward, “ Are *you* her paramour? Are *you* the partner of her guilt? — No, — no, — no. — *You* are not Sir Henry Wilmot; the monster that has blasted my earthly comforts, and taught the loveliest sweetest creature to hate her once beloved Orlando.”

The violence of these emotions soon overpowered his strength, and he was conveyed away in a state of insensibility. — This melancholy affair put an end to the cheerfulness which before prevailed, and the company separated, frightened, spiritless, and disgusted. — Mrs. Tenby's companion left the room during their altercation.

The gentleman who accompanied this unfortunate man informed us, that his acquaintance with him took place in the packet from Calais. That he was enveloped in grief, which sometimes seemed

to verge towards madness. — He told him, he was coming to England, in search of a dear friend, to find whom he must visit every polite place of resort. In consequence of that intelligence, this gentleman called upon him yesterday with a card for our rout, which he accepted, saying, it was the properest place to examine for a thoughtless woman. Before they parted, Mr. Tenby told Mr. Sydbury, he was a native of England, but had settled for some years in France, in consequence of an estate which fell to him at St. Denis, near Paris; but family-reasons had induced him to quit that country. — They exchanged professions of friendship, and our informer left us to procure every assistance in his power for the unhappy invalid.

The servants, who conveyed him to his lodgings, brought back an unpromising account of the poor sufferer. — Oh! my sister, what a callous heart must that woman.

man have, to resist such piercing distress! — The mistress of *Sir Henry Wilmot*! — Merciful Heaven! what a pair! — He too, my dear, we have good reason to believe, has been for some years married to an amiable French lady. — Report says, he has confined her in a convent, under pretence of lunacy. — I cannot farther animadvert. — My spirits are totally sunk. — The dear Wilmot appears so dejected. — He went with Ward after supper yesterday evening, and came not home till eight o'clock this morning. — I must practise my beloved father's lessons. There is reason for it. — I see it in my husband's clouded features, and listless inattentive behaviour. — Adieu, my invaluable correspondents.

F. W.

Mrs. TENBY to Sir HENRY WILMOT.

WILMOT can vent his curses on a wife, whom bolts and bars se-

cure from being personally troublesome ;
but — I — patience !

Sir Henry, your Eliza's ruined ! —
Lost ! Perdition on the luckless moment
that betrayed me ! — Long and successful
has been my reign. — beloved by thee,
and freed from a crazy husband, I made
the most of liberty and life. That liberty
will be nothing, and life itself not worth
the holding, if deprived of — I know not
what. — You are terrified. — No wonder.
— Tenby is most wretched ; has not slept for
two nights. — Her haughty spirit quite
subdued ! No, not *subdued* ; means may yet
be found. — At least, there is *one* way. —
And now to annihilate you with astonish-
ment. — My husband is in England ! —
Yes, he has seen the ill-fated Eliza.
Caught her, while admiration, respect, and
awe, followed her footsteps. — It might be
called the triumph of the graces ! Not a
woman present worth a look ! Even the
charms of Mrs. Wilmot's person (and it
must

must be owned she is handsome) could not draw the smallest attention. — At this moment, when my soul was elate with transport, — at this enviable moment, — I plunged from the height of pleasure and gratified ambition to the depth of shame and mortification!

In compliance with your wishes, I attended Mrs. Wilmot's rout; — fleeced your brother of a handsome sum, — no matter what. — He bore it. — Contrary to your description of him, he seemed suspicious, though not of Ward, but rather pointed an unfriendly hint at me. — I was partner with the *gentleman of your making*. — What a figure for a drawing room! — I quitted the table; and, after walking about some time, my evil genius led me to a seat near the lady of the house, who received me with the most graceful politeness. Quitting her, I soon after placed myself by a person who seized me furiously. — Oh sickening truth! it was

Tenby! — Madness in his eye and manner. — He exposed me; — raved; — expostulated. — I persisted in my ignorance of him, and, by the assistance of your brother, made my escape.

What *can* I do? He will leave no measures unpursued to get me into his possession. — How got he the knowledge of my situation? — Chance could not be his friend. — It was to seek *me* he certainly came. — His dress was not calculated for a rout. — His behaviour, fullen, but not suspicious. — Mrs. Difon, who was with me, says, he was the butt of the company, till that unhappy éclaircissement fixed the contempt upon his *wife*. — I have since been informed he left Portland-Place in a state of utter distraction. — An unknown person went this morning to enquire after his health. — The answer adds to my uneasiness. — He is not only tolerably composed, but has already applied for proper authority to secure me,
—Delay

— Delay not your speedy answer. — Advise, comfort, and support, your miserable Eliza. — The first moment that sees me again in his possession shall be the last of my distresses. E. T.

Sir HENRY WILMOT to Mrs. TENBY.

Folkstone.

FLY, my angel, fly London and its dangerous environs. Canterbury may possibly afford an asylum to my distressed love. — And there I can indulge myself with an interview long wished, and (by Eliza, may I say?) unkindly protracted.

Curled fate! that chains me to this spot, when my presence is absolutely necessary to the protection of the charming Tenby. — But Ingram, the terror of my days, the disturber of my repose, threatens; — talks of better security; — nay, insists upon a settlement; — and has even hinted a determination to withdraw *all* his money.

money. Avaritious monster ! I have paid him, Eliza, seven per cent for £14000 upwards of three years. — With the riches of Cræsus he seems fearful of poverty ; talks of the hardness of the times ; — the difficulty of getting in his money ; and had the impudence, at his last visit, to hint at the “ long *winded* gentry, (as he called “ us,) who never thought a word about “ paying, and the like of that, till a man “ came with his bill in one hand and a “ bayley in t’other. For his part, no “ man never was more marcifful than he ; “ but ’twas a hard case to” — Curse his stupid language, I can transcribe no more of it ; the above may suffice to convince my love of her Henry’s situation. — Horrid, to be under obligation to a wretch who is immersed in the stench of a filthy business, merely to add to his ill-gotten heaps ! — Yes, the insensible wretch may be seen all day in his shop cringing to the canaille,

canaille, and sometimes squabbling with them for a contested *farthing*.

Edward, you say *appeared suspicious*! — Strange! does *he* grow circumspect? It argues something like caution. — I have been wrong. I held myself at a distance from the man whose friendship I should have courted, and then, by working upon his passions, have made my own terms. — Perhaps it is not too late. His fortune would again set me above a world I despise. — Humiliating truth! — an elder brother compelled to acts of meanness, unworthy of his title, — a younger living in more than affluence. — It must not be. — I will come to some agreement with Ingram; get what ready cash Edward can supply me with; — and then, consider of a plot to deprive him of his uncle's liberal legacy; — that once secured, happiness and Eliza for her

WILMOT.

P. S. Fear not thy crazy persecutor. — Distance will effectually secure thee from his

his pursuit, as no one will imagine the sprightly Tenby can leave that centre of delight, the great metropolis. — Adieu.

Miss JENKINS to Mrs. WILMOT.

Crawford-Abbey, May 7.

HOW must my sister's gentle heart have suffered from the horrid scene she has so justly depicted! — What an unnatural woman! to disclaim all knowledge of the *unhappy* man who was rendered such by her *more* than savage cruelty! — How *could* she shun the *father* of her infants, the husband of her choice? — Frances, the dreadful tale brought a tear of pity from our venerable parent; it quite overcame his fortitude. — “Alas! “(said he) what a scene for my tender “child! — Designed, by nature and education, for a confined sphere of action, “how much must these storms and tempests of public life harass and disturb “her benevolent principles! — Well may “the

“ the youthful cheek look pale, and the
“ sparkling eye lose its native lustre,
“ when the rose is torn from its stalk by
“ dissipation and fatigue, and the brilliant
“ optic continually dim’d by sensibility’s
“ precious emanations. — Life’s busy
“ wheels demand the balsam of ease.
“ Worn by perpetual and severe exercise,
“ they will become unable to perform
“ their proper functions, unless repaired
“ and strengthened by necessary respite. —
“ Try your influence, Louisa, employ your
“ artless honest rhetoric; — tell her, a feeble
“ parent would find his years renewed,
“ his cares obliterated, would but his
“ daughter revisit the gothic dwelling.” —

Yes; Louisa will *employ her artless rhetoric*; — will add her simple though sincere arguments to obtain her sister’s compliance with the fond request. — Wilmot cannot refuse. — We know how much he prizes his Frances; we are also well assured how reluctantly he will consent to measures

measures that must deprive him of so sweet a companion; but tell him, a noble spirit will not grant a favour by halves. — Entreat him, however, to be generous, and double the obligation by the addition of his company. — My sister used to be an enthusiast in her praises of the country. — Come then, my love, to Crawford-abbey. — Try, for a time, to forget the stately dome and splendid apartments in Portland place, nor think the eye less gratified with the more humble appearance of grated casements,

“*That cast a dim religious light,*”
and venerable tapestries; — men in yew,
and birds and beasts in holly! — Perhaps your ear may find more harmony in songs of nightingales and larks, than in the eternal worry of *sweep, sweep*; — *dust bo*; &c. — Oh! delightful sounds, for ever beating upon the wearied tympanum! — Besides, my dearest,
the

the honey suckles are bursting into the sweetest flowers about your favourite window; the woods are gradually settling into the fullest verdure, and, variegated with every change of green, have totally lost their tawny hue. — The delicious spot which our father modernised, and which you used to stile, nature's aviary, fills every gale with nourishing perfume. The lilly of the valley rises at our feet, and the wild strawberry already protrudes its humble blossom. — A tuneful Robin, grateful for protection during the late severe season, repays with the sweetest note its obligation, and constantly attends our breakfast-table, nor fears the snares of cruel men.

There, my Frances, is an invitation in the poetic strain. Can you resist it? No. — Come, then, and add to our innocent pleasures.

LOUISA JENKINS.

Mrs.

Mrs. WILMOT to Miss JENKINS.

Portland-Place, May 16.

YES, I will go, Louisa; will hasten to receive a father's approbation of his daughter's conduct. — My heart swells with the consciousness of deserving that and his precious blessing. Oh that my Edward would accompany me to Crawford-abbey! But rural pleasures have no charms for the dissipated mind. — A letter from Sir Henry Wilmot. — My husband is in raptures. — Heaven grant he may have reason for them. — Read it, sister. —

Sir HENRY WILMOT to EDWARD WIL-
MOT, Esq.

May 9.
NOT easily does the proud heart submit to own an obligation, when it has, for many years, held itself at distance. — But Edward Wilmot's disposition will, in this necessary humiliation, lessen my reluctance

reluctance to complete the salutary purpose. — Convinced I have hitherto acted upon arbitrary, if not unnatural, principles, and overcome by the continual display of my brother's benevolence, I stoop to solicit an act of amnesty for the past, determined to pursue the most friendly mode of conduct for the time forward. — Should you perceive, in this address, a stiffness of style incompatible with the professions of the writer, attribute it to that awkwardness which distinguishes a man who, at my time of life, finds himself in the wrong.

Perhaps it were premature to ask a favour before I have received forgiveness; but if my brother would honour the inclosed, which is due to Ingram, it will lay a solid foundation for fraternal affection and lasting gratitude in the heart of his

HENRY WILMOT.

P. S. When you have extended the olive branch to me, I shall gladly, in person,

F

son,

son, felicitate my sister on her happiness with such a husband. —

Mrs. Wilmot in continuation.

Good God, what a man is Edward Wilmot! He paid the demand without hesitation, and received the most fulsome, and I may add, insincere, compliments from the paltry Ingram, who waited in the library for my husband's determination. — Yes, the money is paid, — but I fear — Oh Louisa, my heart is oppressed

.....

I will be explicit, sister. — Our course must soon be run. — A princely revenue could not support such extravagance. — This is the second debt of that *dishonest* man which Edward has discharged since the 29th of March, and I have no doubt but there is a large sum nearly due, if not paid, to Ward. — Already the careful tradesman is bid to call a second time with his bill. — Already the rents come not in fast enough. — Our Brenchly steward

went

went from my husband with a melancholy aspect, who followed, apparently much ruffled. — “Tell them, (said he) I must have it; and let those woods be cleared in October.” — The good old man shook his head, pulled off his hat, and promised that his honour should be obeyed.

Does this look well, Louisa? The humane landlord, whose heart glowed with pleasure to see his tenants unburthened, cheerful, happy, — now reduced to use *threats* to force the payment of money as soon as due. — And for what? To satisfy debts of honour. — Vile perversion! — Gamblers must riot on the spoils of industrious indigence.

Ward is eternally here. — He has introduced some new acquaintance to my husband; doubtless, of the same stamp with himself. — And must I leave him to these harpies? — But what can a defenceless female do? — Oh! how sunk is the spirit

of my once noble fellow! There was a time when these wretches would not have been admitted to his presence. — But now, our house is the resort of Jews, gamesters, and usurers. — Louisa, I mean to meet you at Canterbury, next Thursday. — Adieu. F. W.

EDWARD WILMOT to Sir HENRY.

Portland-Place, May 9.

AN'D is my brother at last convinced of his Edward's affection? He is; and I am happy. — I shall see you soon in London, Sir Henry. Fraternal love pleads excuse for my impatient wishes to salute, on the kindest terms, a long-lost relative. — Protract not the joyful moment which shall witness the friendly coalition between Henry and

EDWARD WILMOT.

P. S. Ingram will undoubtedly inform you of the success of his application.

M^{rs}.

Mrs. WILMOT to EDWARD WILMOT, Esq.

Crawford-Abbey, May 15.

HOW would my beloved husband have enjoyed the reception of his Frances at this paternal seat! Once he felt the happiness attending rural life, and traversed with rapture the enchantingly romantic walks about the gothic dwelling. — Can you have forgotten the evening excursions, the morning rides, when charity held forth her bounteous hand, and a whole village blessed your footsteps? Remembers not my Edward the wounded soldier and his helpless family? — How tenderly you raised the fallen hero from the grassy bank, and supported him to a wretched dwelling composed of mud and sticks! — O what a generous glow suffused your cheek, when tears of thankful gratitude burst from the helpless creature's eyes! And how was that benevolent sensation saddened, when the emaciated wife and two sweet boys hastened to meet us from the dismal cabin,

famine and eager curiosity in every wondering countenance! *I* too felt a pleasure undescribable, when the debilitated Sternheim, turning to his wife, said — “ See, “ Matilda, the delegates of heaven! — “ Poverty flies their approach. — My “ children, my famished infants, the Al- “ mighty has commissioned his angels to “ bring you bread; — they come in mor- “ tal forms. But” — he could say no more. — The wife, the children, knelt and wept. — The little one wiped his mother’s eyes. “ There, said he, now my “ mother will be better; won’t she, fa- “ ther?” — The poor woman shook her head, but smiled like an angel on her innocent offspring.

Ah! my Edward, experienced you not more real delight, at that moment, than the fortuitous acquisition of thousands can bestow?—Passing yesterday by their humble dwelling (no longer composed of *mud and sticks*, but neatly thatched) I could not resist a desire of enquiring for your pensioner.

sioner. — I walked through the house : — It was deserted. — Entering the orchard, I perceived, at the farther end, my favourite, seated under a spreading oak, (not yet covered with umbrageous leaves,) his two lovely boys sitting beside him, their eyes fixed attentively on the venerable teacher's face. — I softly approached. — They saw me not. — Sternheim was reading the life of Bellifarius. — The eldest, a lad about fourteen, interrupted his father, with " Pray, sir, was not this Bellifarius a great warrior ?"

" Yes, my child."

" And did he not fight for his country ?"

" You hear he did." —

" Well; and so he was blinded and neglected in his old age ?" —

Sternheim heaved a deep sigh, and looked at his wooden leg and armless sleeve.

— " He did indeed, my boy. — It is too true." —

“ Well then, father, you are Bellisarius; only he was blind and you are lame.”

“ Oh! George, he was a greater man.”

“ Why, father, I am sure you did all you could.”

The old man's eye darted fire. —

“ Did I not *all* I could? — I did. — But that unlucky ball! — ”

I was now discovered. — The children arose. Sternheim had not forgotten me. He looked delighted, and bid one of the boys fetch me a seat from the house. — He obeyed. It was an old cane chair. I took my place by the youngest auditor, and begged they would not consider me as present, but finish the subject they were discussing. — Our soldier, who possesses the highest degree of *natural* politeness, bowed, and the eldest boy went on. —

“ But, father, are all warriors forced, like you and Bellisarius, to subsist on charity?”

“ No,

"No, child; all are not *poor* as I am."

"And why are you poorer than others?"
said the second.

"Because I had no friends."

"Then I'll not be a soldier," replied
the eldest.

"Why, George?"

"I don't like to be *poor* and friendless."

"Silly boy! Can a soldier secure
riches?"

"No; but his country ought to secure
them for him."

Harry interrupted them with—"Oh!
father, is not this the charitable lady
that was so good to my poor mother?"

"Do not say *charitable*, brother Harry;
call her *generous*."

"You distinguish rightly, George, ac-
cording to your system, that a soldier
should not accept charity." (What no-
ble souls, Edward!) "But how is this?
my son, you will not go into the army,
because your father is *poor and lame*."

"When

“ When I first drew my maiden weapon,”
(and he made a motion to clasp a sword
which long had forsaken his side, — every
feature upon the stretch, — eye-brows raised,
— cheeks flushed with a revived glow
of enthusiastic valour, — lips trembling
through eagerness,) — “ when I first
“ pierced a haughty Turk, not Cæsar,
“ Alexander, Charles of Sweden, no, not
“ the glorious Elliot, felt greater transports
“ at their first successful manœuvre.
“ Fearless of the ball that whizzed by my
“ ear, and unappalled by the glittering
“ steel that was aimed at my heart, I
“ fought and conquered.” George looked
as if he wished to speak; the parent
noddod consent.

“ But, sir, I have heard you call Alexander
“ a madman, and say that he fought
“ for the pleasure of killing.—You should
“ not put Elliot into such company.”

“ No, my boy, Elliot conquered but
“ to save, and felt more delight in the
“ pre-

“ preservation of his captives, than the
“ Macedonian hero did in the contempla-
“ tion of slaughtered multitudes. — Lau-
“ rels for electors ; but the favour of his
“ sovereign for the man who has secured
“ such an important acquisition to his
“ country, from the signal efforts of her
“ united enemies.”

“ Does the king love all such brave
“ fellows ?”

“ Yes ; as he loves his soul.”

“ Then I *will* be a soldier.”

“ That’s my brave lad,” said the ve-
teran, laying down the book to shake the
boy’s hand.

A shower of rain falling, detained me a
willing guest in this uncommon family.—
The good creature was supported to an
ancient couch. It was pleasing to see how
sedulously the eldest youth applied himself
to smooth the green stuff cushion which
he carefully placed at his father’s back,
and put some bread to a mess of cold milk,
holding

holding it till Sternheim had finished his light supper. Again the boy shook up the cushion, and put the crutch within the old man's reach, while the tender parent cast an eye of affection on his son, and, speaking to me, "See, madam, what a dutiful nurse I have."

During this interval, Harry was diverting himself with repeating, rather than singing, a little plaintive sonnet. "Be silent, brother, (said the elder,) you know my father cannot bear to hear that song." I looked at the veteran; — he passed his hand across his eyes. — "It was poor Matilda's, (said Sternheim,) she composed it at my departure for America."

Edward, his wife is dead. I feared as much, and would not mention her; but now there needed no other explanation. — The heaving bosom, — silent tear, — and agitated motions, — too plainly answered the question.

It

It was poor Matilda's! — Never shall I forget the distressful accent! It thrilled my soul with the same sensations I have experienced from the melancholy vibrations of an Æolian harp.

“ Sweet (said he) is the memory of a faithful wife to the hapless survivor.”

And then he wept. — *It was poor Matilda's!* A simple expression! But it spoke *so much* tenderness to the departed excellence! Sternheim again breaking silence, and looking expressively upon me, “ To the remembrance of Matilda's virtues the tears of an angel are due! — You, madam can sympathize with me. — In you I see that mild beneficence which used to distinguish my lost love. — George, reach me the manuscript.”

The boy took a paper from an old box, — Sternheim gave it to me. “ There, madam, is the melancholy employment of a father and son. — George has written
“ ten

“ ten this at different times. Helpless and
 “ lame, I could only dictate.”

Edward, I loved the soldier; and left him with the most friendly wishes for his returning peace. My husband will be happy that I have been his almoner. Louisa shall transcribe the paper for your perusal. Adieu, dearest of men. Our parent joins to a wife's and sister's his tender and most affectionate blessing. F. W.

Mr. WILMOT to his Wife.

Portland-Place, May 18.

NO sooner has my Frances quitted her Edward than the spirit of coquetry, which I vainly thought had no existence in her bosom, acts with uncontrollable power, and forces her to make a confident of her — *husband!* — *You loved the soldier!* Why then, Fanny, — *love him still.* — The sweet drops of humanity left their traces on the paper. I kissed them off, my dearest, notwithstanding they were shed for an
 acknow-

acknowledged favourite. — I kissed them off. — Amiable sensibility ! — Generous distinction ! — The blandishments of the great, the dignity of that higher order of beings, attract not thy notice. — The stately inmate of a splendid vis-a-vis passes unregarded ; but a simple soldier, his distressed family, and their strongly prevailing claims for pity and redress, rouse every benevolent wish. Nor does thy restless goodness disdain to administer the gift of charity where heaven conducts thy willing footsteps.

I wish to hear the piteous tale you have promised. Sternheim could not, when first we saw him, articulate his story, and we left the country immediately after. You have awakened my curiosity ; forget not to gratify it. —

I was called away ; and to whom ? — my brother. — He has fulfilled his promise, Frances ; but indeed fraternal tenderness animated neither his words nor actions.

Strange !

Strange ! that no treatment, however affectionate, can penetrate his callous heart. It is true, *his* mother was not, like mine, distinguished for the practice of every virtue. On the contrary, infamy marked her name. But our father was noble, beneficent, tender. A soul informed with all that could render him his country's boast, — his children's glory. — That *such* a parent should produce a son so totally opposite to him, in spirit, sentiment, and even in person, is a most ungrateful truth ; a truth which the moment of our meeting strongly evinced. He entered with a sullen disgustful air ; no marks of that affection his inconsistent letter predicted. — I met him with visible emotion, and strained his reluctant person to my bosom. He bore the joyful effusion with impatience, drew from my fervent embrace, and, assuming an air of civility bordering upon indifference, — “ I come, “ *Mr. Wilmot*, (said he) to acknowledge

“ a proper sense of the *favours* you have
“ shewn.”

I interrupted him—“ It is I, my bro-
“ ther—It is I, who am honoured by
“ this much-desired interview.”

He perceived I was affected, and took
care, by his stiff and haughty behaviour,
not to heighten the feelings of nature.

“ Do you mean to reproach me with
“ that shew of love? Do you wish to
“ remind me of *obligations*?” His fea-
tures assuming a more frigid cast, as he
uttered that word, so repugnant to a
thankless spirit.

“ I only wish, my brother, to express,
“ by every word and action, the pleasure
“ your presence has inspired.—Means
“ not Sir Henry to reside in Portland-
“ Place?—My house,—servants,—purse,
“ are at his command.”

Frances, the sparkling eye indicated
delight at the latter offer.—It is not avarice
alone, perhaps not extravagance
altogether, that actuates his sordid soul.

A mixture of both, I am led to imagine, induces the ungenerous sentiments: else, why seek a brother he has long neglected? Why, by such awkward methods, attempt to conceal the excess of unnatural pride? — His answer was descriptive of his illiberal mind. — “I mean not to be troublesome. — My time is precious. — If you dine early, I will thank you. But I am under engagements at seven.”

He staid dinner, and but ill supplied the place of my amiable wife. — Indeed, I feel a vacuum in my heart; I see it at my table, and turn from the pleasures of it with disgust. — Your presence, my only love, will banish every displeasing idea, and I shall again enjoy *domestic* pleasures.

What says Louisa to the above assertion? — *She* will not allow your Edward that delicate sensibility so necessary to create a relish for tranquil happiness. — Doubt not, Louisa, but irregular society has less charms

charms with me than the artless and improving conversation of my Frances.

Sir Henry is much altered. His face appears rather bloated, — his hand trembles. — The sure indications of an attachment to the bottle. — He said little; but hinted several times at the difficulty of his situation; — wished for a proper arrangement of his affairs; — could he get clear of Ingram something might be done; — but while in that fellow's power he could not be happy. — I answered slightly to some questions he artfully stated; he seemed restless, and retired when the cloth was removed, evidently displeased at my taciturnity upon matters which I could not settle to his satisfaction. My reflections after his departure were of no very agreeable tendency.

Shorten your visit, my beloved, and I will fetch you from Crawford-Abbey. Urgent business will not 'permit my absence from town for more than three days;

Has the air of that romantic spot revived the bloom which rendered your countenance so irresistibly alluring? Do you perceive it dissipate that weight which has long hung upon your spirits, and given an air of melancholy to a disposition sprightly though gentle — Why, my dearest, do you indulge reflections which must produce the most baneful effects? — Is there a latent cause for sorrow? Own to thy Edward why this strange and to him inexplicable alteration. Wherefore streamed the unexpected tear, when you let fall those emphatic words, — “*I leave you, Wilmot; — leave you to*” — and then a gust of passion stopped your voice. — Left me to what? — Tell me, in the last letter I shall permit you to write from Crawford-Abbey. — Tell me. — Or may I complete the sentence? — “Left me to mourn the absence of my love.” — Convey

— Convey my grateful remembrance to the dear friends you are with. Adieu, best of wives. EDWARD WILMOT.

Mrs. WILMOT to EDWARD WILMOT, Esq.

Crawford-Abbey, May 20.

AND did you *really* trace the marks of unhappiness on my faded countenance? — Did you *indeed* perceive a gloom overcloud my natural cheerfulness? — Listen, then, to a confession which shall do credit to your skill in the development of the heart. — There *is* a *latent cause*. — I left you, Wilmot, to — Oh! my husband! — left—you to Forgive me. — Even at Crawford-Abbey, I shudder to reveal the secret which long has filled my sorrowing bosom.

Edward, have you not particularly noticed *that gloom* when Ward and his contemporaries so often triumphed in your chagrin, arising from repeated losses? Frequently have those wretches enjoyed your

disappointments, while the treacherous cards favoured the miscreants. — Then did affection's eagle eye discern what unsuspecting openness could not discover. — I saw, and deeply felt, for my beloved. — Now is the secret disclosed. — Now can my husband guess what it was I left him to? — And now he reads why fair content had deserted the features of his Frances. — Pardon this frankness. — Your commands extorted the confession. — Indeed, my heart is bursting with apprehension lest you should think me guilty of an error. — But let me, on my knees, intreat you to watch those men who play upon benevolence. — There is a mystery in their continual success, which the dispassionate eye of reason must soon discover. — I will *suppose* your forgiveness for this liberty, and close the subject; — may it be *for ever*.

Edward, notwithstanding your *terrible* menaces, I have again visited the soldier,
and

and am fully empowered to say *I love him*. His own exalted sentiments and your generous permission give me unbounded licence. — He is sick; — a fever preys upon his spirits, brought on by disappointment and the loss of his Matilda. You scarcely noticed her, Wilmot. — Pale and almost lifeless, I remember she then retained the traces of perfect beauty. — Unfortunate Matilda! — Ill-requited Augustus! — Yesterday I mentioned her to the drooping warrior; he lifted up his hand, and whisperingly pronounced blessings on her memory, the parched lips moving with unusual earnestness: Then, speaking to me with a desultory voice, — “Did you ever see Matilda? Madam.”

“Yes, Mr. Sternheim.”

“There — view her again.”

I looked at the youngest boy, who, pursuant to a motion from his father, drew near the couch.

“ See, madam, those eyes, — that
“ mouth, — every feature imprints her
“ image on my mind.” — He paused,
— then, resuming, —

“ For me Matilda left country, friends,
“ and fortune ! For me endured the sharp
“ vicissitudes of heat and cold ! — *Ma-*
“ *tilda, thou art rewarded !* — When the
“ commissioned shot took fatal aim, and
“ at one dreadful stroke deprived me of
“ my limbs, leaving this mutilated body
“ nearly lifeless on the field of battle,
“ Matilda found me. — Bleeding she
“ found me, after the engagement, under
“ the body of a gallant comrade, who,
“ stooping to succour his fellow-soldier,
“ was shot through the head in the mo-
“ ment he was lifting my helpless trunk
“ from the earth. — For six long months
“ Matilda was my nurse. — What pains
“ she took to lessen my sufferings ! *Nurse,*
“ did I say ? She was my guardian an-
“ gel, — *Is not Matilda rewarded ?*” —

He

He was silent. — I left the cot, unable longer to witness his sorrow. — Louisa has copied the manuscript. Read it, my husband, and you *will love* the soldier. —

STERNHEIM'S NARRATIVE.

BORN to a fortune unequal to his spirit, Augustus Sternheim launched upon the tempestuous ocean of life. — Ambition was the leading feature in his disposition, (but it was laudable,) and a determination to do something that might conciliate the esteem of his sovereign proved the grand object of his ardent wishes. Soon his hopes met success. In a decisive battle with the Turks, his courage was ascertained; and, by the generosity of his bountiful empress, that courage was nobly recompensed. Long he was approved the favourite of a majority, and the envy of their opposites. — For even Russia can boast, or rather deplore, her party feuds.

Matilda

Matilda was the only child of a minister, high in office, and respected by his mistress. — With a masculine soul, she possessed an appearance unusually feminine; and, though delicacy marked every action, yet had she the truest fortitude. Careful to avoid danger, she despised it when present. Had she not despised it, would Matilda have been the wife of a soldier? — Like the gentle Desdemona, she listened to *hair-breadth 'scapes*; and, like her, surrendered a willing heart. Augustus was happy in the *pursuit* of so much perfection, and most happy in the *possession*. — Her father could not reconcile himself to an act so derogatory to his daughter's interest, or rather to his own selfish principles. — A *soldier*, though exalted by the notice of his empress, distinguished by the popular voice, and in the zenith of his glory, was not a match for the descendant of a senator, whose vast estate must center, by his favour, in her alone. —

Fortune

Fortune was wanting to make the balance preponderate in favour of Matilda's happiness. — In vain was every scheme forwarded that love could suggest. In vain my angel's deep humiliation was represented to an unfeeling parent. — Stern inexorable man, he regarded not the entreaties of friends, and spurned the messengers who conveyed our useless petitions for pardon! — Even royalty itself was addressed by this unrelenting tyrant, pleading his injuries as reasons for revenge, and using his utmost power to destroy a man whose only fault, even in *his* eyes, was want of wealth.

The Empress chose not to refuse the request of dignified cruelty, and the enemies of Sternheim triumphed in his disgrace. But they could not deprive him of innate peace; they could not divest him of Matilda's love. — Russia was no longer the center of our designs. We left the inhospitable nation and hastened to
England,

England, where a beauteous family soon increased our cares without diminishing our felicity.

My fortune was not adequate to our stile of living. — My soul burnt again to signalize its native propensity; but nothing offered. — A commission was my object, but it was unattainable by a poor soldier. — Without interest, to whom was I to apply? — Without money, where was I to make a purchase? Our stock grew low. The little we yet expected was a freight of goods from Russia. — That *little* was swallowed in the Baltic.

Long I struggled with various distresses. — Matilda, ever patient, endeavoured by the utmost frugality to make the most of our small remains. — But they wasted; and I found it not possible to support four children without pecuniary assistance. — Want began to shew her shocking visage in our dwelling. — The abode of peace was filled with clamorous creditors; and

we

we were obliged to quit that elegant retreat for a meaner habitation. Still no means presented to deliver us from poverty. The clouds blackened as they drew nearer, and burst with fury on our wretched heads.

One evening, as my wife was preparing our scanty meal, myself employed in cutting the bread and butter for our little brood, who crowded round the glowing embers, — (it was in the midst of winter; oh! how it rained and blew that melancholy night!)—suddenly we were alarmed by the sound of men's voices, and immediately our door was attempted. The blows fell thick and heavy. — Matilda started, let fall a lovely infant from her arms, and gazed on my face with speechless terror. The noise encreasing, I undrew the bolt, and took a pistol from the mantle-piece, preparing for an event I dreaded. — My poor children ran for protection to their frightened mother. — The

assailants

assailants burst in, — I fired — precipitately fired, — The first man fell, — The others seized me, — God! what a scene! — My wife, frantic at this violence, threw the crying infant (she had taken from the ground) into the cradle, rushed between us, her eyes sparkling with wild affright, caught my hand, and turning to the men, “It is, (she said) an accident. — The man will not die. — See, he rises! — Oh! gentle heaven, have mercy! — Preserve my husband! — Barbarous! — Tear not Augustus from me.” — They attempted to pull me from the distracted Matilda. — “Oh! no! — Let me die with him, — Take away your hands. — My babies, plead for your father.” — The horrid bailiff rudely dragged me to the door. — She shrieked, — “My children! — have pity on my children!”

“Let’s ha’ no more of this cursed vining, — Your brats must go to the parish; —”

“ parish ; and where’s the harm o’ that ?
“ As for this here gemman, he must go to
“ jail, d’ye see ; and, if Tom lives, he
“ won’t be hang’d, that’s all I knows.”

“ I’ll be gibbeted (said another of the
“ dreadful crew) if he shan’t be tuck’d up
“ for lifting his hand against a bayley.”

I can pursue this shocking subject no farther. It is sufficient to say, my wife with her little innocent accompanied me to the town prison ; the rest of our tender offspring followed weeping. The man soon recovered of his wound. The creditor, at whose suit I was arrested, gave me that liberty which did him no service to with-hold. — I once more breathed the air of freedom, but still was *poor*. A foreigner has no resource, in England, but in the donations of adventitious charity, and could *Sternheim*, though suffering under the pressure of extreme want, could a *soldier*, apply for the scanty pittance of indiscriminate kindness? Solicit the mite from

from those whom chance had raised above the wretched pleader? — No. — In the midst of indigence, surrounded by helpless children whose cries demanded that redress we could not procure, yet we still preserved that unconquered dignity of soul, that spark, which heaven at our birth implanted, and which bid defiance to the claims of hunger, I had almost said, to natural affection. — Perhaps it was wrong. — Perhaps pride too deeply influenced a miserable pair. — If so, that pride was yet to feel a pang more deep, and to receive a greater wound than any it yet had felt.

Despair had almost rendered me insensible. I left my home, and wandered through the gloomy woods without prospect of relief, till roused by a recruiting drum. My fluctuating mind settled in a determination to try my fortune in the British army. Degrading change! — In Russia, a *commander*, blessed with success, honoured by the Empress, beloved by the people. —

people. — In England, *a private soldier*, my courage untried, unknown to my king, and put on a footing with the lowest of mankind. Excruciating was the torment these reflections inflicted, but there was no alternative. I went home and meditated two days on this scheme. On the second, I was determined to embrace it by the unwelcome intelligence that a rapacious creditor meant to revenge his loss by depriving me of my liberty.

I was indulging the luxury of grief over my little darlings, when Matilda flew down stairs, almost breathless with eagerness and haste, — “Fly, my love; (she said;) they are near at hand. I saw the cruel bailiffs coming over the hill. — Look, they are descending behind the trees. — Oh God! protect my dear Augustus!”

I left my precious family with a flood of tears, and rushed out backwards, hastening to the forest which spread over the e-

H

minence

minence behind our house. — It grew dark. — I ventured to town. — The drum beat to quarters. The sound directed my greedy ear. — Without farther deliberation, I accepted the bounty, and became a servant to the best of masters. — Matilda, my soul's treasure, immediately joined me. I would have left her behind, so far humbled as to make interest with our officer to remit a small sum for her use. But she would *not* be left behind. The heroic woman quitted me only while actually engaged with the enemy. “Never” (said she) “will I desert my Augustus; desist, my love, from requiring Matilda’s absence. — She may be useful, when near; she cannot be happy while her husband is too far distant to reap the benefit of her dutiful attention.” Sweet creature! I remember her energetic expressions! . . .

Peace was now proclaimed; we returned to England. — Three of our children had

had fallen a sacrifice to the hardships of a foreign campaign. We had only one left; a fine lad. — My situation was not mended essentially. Indeed, my assiduity had promoted me to a subaltern office; but the pay was trifling. — Our family again encreased. George and Henry supplied the place of our deceased offspring.

The war broke out with America, and I was again summoned to a distant country. — My faithful companion quitted me not, but once more dared the terrors and inconvenience of destructive war. At Bunker's Hill I was so fatally wounded. At Bunker's Hill I lost my eldest boy. — The poor fellow was shot by accident. — My dear Matilda's sufferings were excessive. — A husband wounded almost mortally; a lovely child forever lost. — Yet still she persevered; still she remitted not in her duty. — We were brought home about two years before Mr. Wilmot so generously

relieved us. Seven pounds a year would not maintain four people. My wife undertook a laborious occupation, which overcame her delicate constitution, broken as it had been by former hardships. But the noble mind would not acknowledge fatigue. — My boys, dear prattlers ! could do but little. — It was at this period we received your bounty, but my angelic partner could no longer support her courage. — She drooped. — A hectic flush hung on the sickly countenance, and her whole person evinced the effects of slow but certain decay. — Oh ! with what anxiety have I listened through the tedious night. Unable to assist my precious invalid, I could only watch the alterations of her disorder, and from them could not deduce even *hope*. — When sleep had closed her heavy eye-lids, and a death-like stillness took possession of her feeble frame, often would I lay my mouth to hers, and catch the languid respiration, — often
fancy

fancy she was no more; till, awakened by officious love, she would start with a convulsive agitation that spoke her dissolution near. — But dreadful as this situation was, I had yet to feel a pang which included every torment before inflicted.

After a restless day, she begged to be conveyed to the little arbour at the back of our cottage; the balmy air, she thought, might lessen her difficulty of breathing. — Alas! I could not perform the task. A neighbour, kind and humane, supported my dying Matilda to the seat. — The evening was lovely. A solemn silence seemed to lull the whole creation. The broken clouds scarcely moved. The setting sun shone through the distant trees, and glittered on her countenance. She enjoyed the charming scene; looked serenely cheerful, and pulling a branch of jessamine, the tender flowers shed with the motion. “Methinks, (she cried) my husband, these fading blossoms are

“ striking emblems of poor Matilda’s
“ sinking state. Like me; they have en-
“ joyed the summer’s vivid heat; like
“ me, they suffer an untimely fate! No
“ fun, however invigorating, can restore
“ their beauty. No kindness, however
“ soothing, can recover a stricken victim.
“ — The sickening flowers *may* revive, it
“ is true, but not till after certain changes,
“ in a gayer form; and I, like them,
“ shall be restored to a more noble exist-
“ ence. — But here the comparison drops.
“ — For though this offspring of the
“ earth may boast renewed strength and
“ vigour, yet it *must* perish; — while I —
“ (and her varying cheek spoke the ar-
“ dour of well-grounded hope) — While
“ I shall flourish in the perfection of glo-
“ ry, and, cloathed with immortal light,
“ my soul will triumph in the regions of
“ ineffable bliss.”

Fatigued, I saw her colour change. —
She sunk against me. — I was terrified. —

She

She breathed, but was conveyed almost lifeless to her bed. — Slowly reviving, she cast her eyes about; — it was me she wanted. — “My Augustus, leave not
“your expiring Matilda.”

Leave her! not worlds should have tempted me from her side. — She took my hand: her own contracted by frequent spasms; the sweat of death bursting from every pore. — She spoke, but with pain. — “Where are the boys? — I would see
“our children, my dearest.” — They were kneeling near her. — Then, looking at me. — “Poor debilitated sufferer! who
“now shall lessen, by cheerful assiduity,
“a wounded hero’s pangs? — Will ye,
“my boys, — will ye be careful of an in-
“firm father?”

The eldest child, with pious awe, kissed her tremulous hand, tears rolling down his innocent face. “I will, my mother;
“I will support a drooping parent.”

H 4 “Yes,

“ Yes, (said my little one,) and I will
 “ do my best. — I’ll fetch home sticks
 “ to make a fire, and you can dress my
 “ father and make his bed. — Don’t cry
 “ so, father; perhaps my poor mother
 “ won’t die.” And he took the lappet of
 his coat to wipe my eyes. — Oh! how
 this bleeding heart was torn! — Matilda
 seemed to doze. — The children left the
 room. — I watched and wept. — She soon
 awoke. — “ One more request, Augustus.
 “ — You have long attended poor Ma-
 “ tilda; — rest, for the — last time, —
 “ by this faithful bosom.” — Could I re-
 fuse? She drew near me. — A tear fell
 upon her cheek; I gently kissed it off. —
 Again she dozed; nay, her sleep was
 sound. She breathed so easily I thought
 her better.

For seven tedious nights my sleepless
 eyes had watched her; but now, flattered
 by appearances, and overcome with unre-
 mitted attention, I gave way to a drowsy
 inclination,

inclination, and slept while — *Matilda died!*

Dreadful recollection! — One moment off my duty and the enemy struck the mortal blow! — *Matilda died!* — died by her husband's side! — Since that fatal moment my time drags heavily on, for, alas! I have not Matilda's fortitude. . . .

Poor Augustus! Does not this tale excite my husband's pity? — Feels he not for love *so* pure, *so* severely dealt with? — Gentle Matilda! may thy immaculate spirit hover over and console the unhappy man, who lives to mourn thy fatal loss! — Mayest thou be permitted, by imperceptible operations, to sooth and comfort the deserted partner of thy soul! — Or, rather, may Omniscience deign to visit the afflicted, and dispense the lenient balm of hope to strengthen a patient sufferer. . . .

My father exults in the prospect of seeing you at Crawford-Abbey, though your presence

presence deprives him of a grateful daughter. — Louisa pretends, with a face half-pleased, that nothing but the business which brings you hither will prevent her springing to your arms. — Saucy Louisa, to say this to a *wife*! — Adieu; dearest best of men, F. W.

Mr. WILMOT to Mrs. WILMOT.

Portland-Street, May 22.

AN D does Mrs. Wilmot *really* wish me to appear at Crawford-Abbey under the appellation of a *gamester*? Am I suspected, by the wife of my bosom, to betray a propensity to that detestable character? — Are my *friends* too in the same predicament? — To *whom* are we indebted for the disgraceful supposition? — I would not distress my Frances; but suspicion points justly at your father, as the fabricator of this falsehood. — I have *reason* for this accusation. — It is he has filled your brain with such ridiculous maxims. —

None

None but a parent could prejudice you against a *husband*.

You think me rash. I speak not from mere conjecture. — Tears, sighs, and even marks of impatient grief, have betrayed the secret. Every letter from your friends has of late been productive of those ungrateful appearances: Your confessions ground in me the supposition. — I go not to Crawford-Abbey. — Meet me, on Friday, at Rochester. — Excuses will be totally unnecessary. No longer shall you be permitted to stay with the enemies of your offended

WILMOT.

The Bishop of C — to Sir HENRY WILMOT.

C — Park, June 1.

THE world has stigmatised Sir Henry Wilmot's character. It speaks him unjust to his friends, unnatural to his brother. It charges him with crimes repugnant to humanity. Can the son of Sir F. Wilmot so far depart from the principles

ples of honour as to make doubtful his claim to *such* a father? — *That* father was my revered inestimable *friend*; dear to me as life. Wonder not that I wish to see his virtues revive in his descendants.

Vague (I would hope) and unsatisfactory are the reports that every day disturb my repose. — How painful to believe, and yet how well authenticated, is the story of the day. Say, Sir Henry, are you *so* lost to duty, love, and friendship? Have you *indeed* left a fond and tender wife immured in a gloomy convent, to mourn the blind credulity that threw her into your power? Did you *really* cheat an unsuspecting husband of the woman he adored? Shame on that woman, so to desert her helpless family!

Black as these vices may appear, the charge is not finished. I have secret (may it not be certain) information, that your estate is impaired; nay, mortgaged to an infamous usurer. That you are continually

continually inventing schemes to extort money from a generous brother. — More than this, that, exclusive of the mortgage, you stand indebted to Moses Ingram fourteen thousand pounds, who has a bond for the payment. — Wonder not at this discovery; to *Ingram* you are obliged for it. You *must* know it is ever the propensity of abject souls to boast their power over superior birth. The mercenary monied man will naturally exalt himself upon the ruins of indigent quality; and, in his own despicable opinion, appears the greater for such support. A creditor of *your* consequence raises his *own*.

Should these reports be false, expose me not to the racking supposition, that I have reason for my fears. — Let your answer be speedy, clear, and decisive. — Should they be well grounded, I shall then apply to your feelings, as a man, can I say, as a *christian*? You *smile* at the word, and it is possible at the *writer*, of such an unmeaning

meaning epithet. — Smile not, Sir Henry, till conviction authorises the contempt.

EMANUEL C.

Miss JENKINS to Mrs. WILMOT.

Crawford-Abbey, June 7.

YOUR silence, my dearest sister, is truly alarming. — Has Edward forbid your correspondence? Does he interdict the use of your pen? Or has sickness laid a cruel embargo on my beloved's inclination? *Sixteen days* and not *one* line! — Your father is distracted. — Ease him, for pity sake, and write to your apprehensive

LOUISA JENKINS.

Sir HENRY WILMOT to Mr. WARD.

INGRAM has been babbling. — Curse the mercenary old dog. — Does he think to squeeze more money by such paltry methods? — Be it *your* care to counteract his despicable cunning. — You have

have Edward's confidence; fail not to improve it.

Mrs. WILMOT to Miss JENKINS.

Portland Place, June 18.

IT was indeed too much for me Louisa. Ten days illness have destroyed the good effects of my native air. — But I am better. — Cruel and unexpected shock! no wonder your sister sunk under its pressure. — Oh! may I now practise those lessons of resignation our pious father so sweetly enforces. — Dear man! how must that terrifying letter have affected him! The generous, the benevolent, the dutious, Wilmot, to offer *such* an insult, where the tenderest treatment alone was due! — But, my sister, he is altered. Gloomy, retired, unsocial, except when summoned by his favourites, whose turbulent behaviour rouses his dejection. I almost fear to approach him. That brow, where candour and affability were character-

characterised, is now contracted to a fullen frown. Would you believe, he has made my *good* opinion of Ward the necessary preliminary of forgiveness for my strictures on his *friend*! *Good* opinion, did I say, Louisa? Never can I think even tolerably of such a wretch! Prudence may authorise my taciturnity respecting his character; but it is totally impossible to remove a prejudice founded on *more* than circumstantial evidence. At present I cannot be sufficiently explicit; I will therefore change the subject.

Dear girl, forget not my little family at the cottage. Let Sternheim be properly attended. I would wish him not to miss his Matilda in those minute particulars he so pathetically describes. Send up the eldest boy. My husband has already made application for an ensigncy. Lord D— engages for the first vacancy. Till the opportunity offers, young Sternheim is to be employed in those studies
necessary

necessary to accomplish the little hero. He already understands the technical terms relative to fortification; and prates of mines, redoubts, batteries, &c. — Harry, the youngest, must be a sailor; he is never so happy as when rigging his vessel, (which he calls the charming Fanny) and is under continual obligations to his neighbours for needles, thread, cloth, and other matters, proper to the finishing his ingenious work. I have seen him extremely busy launching his ship into a small stream, crossing the road opposite their house. I repeat, *Harry must be a sailor*. I am inclined to think my father will gratify his child with a few lines. *Gratify!* poor expression! *Delight* will more properly express the sense of his and your

FRANCES WILMOT.

The Rev. Mr. JENKINS to Mrs. WILMOT.

Crawford-Abbey, June 16.

AGE may unnerve the hand, and sickness debilitate the spirits; but when a tender, a beloved, and suffering, daughter, asks, or rather entreats, consolation, paternal affection will guide the fingers, and heaven assist a sympathising father. — *Heaven*, then, inspire the healing language, and teach me to convey those effectual arguments necessary to convince my virtuous child, that from her innocence she may even derive happiness. Look around, my Frances, among the gay and thoughtless, which constitute the greater part of your town acquaintance, those who feel no pleasure equal to the gratification of pride, or the *as* blameable emotions inspired by insincere adulation, are they *happy*? I will give you a criterion to judge by. — Should any one of these be disappointed in their flimsy pursuits; should distemper destroy their beauty, or
distress

distress overturn the fancied system of pleasure, where is their resource? Who can point out consolation in *such* affliction? The mind is a chaos; happiness eludes their grasp; discontent usurps her seat; nor can a substitute be found for the fleeting phantom so long pursued but never overtaken. — Will you cast a thought upon *such* beings? — No. The question requires forgiveness.

Look at the orphans educated in luxury; — taught to indulge the most flattering hopes; — who see the prospect brighten as they approach it. — Vain delusion! a cloud arises big with mischief, intercepts the gay expectation, and the death of friends, or some misfortune as terrible, flings them from the summit of towering grandeur, and they sink the deeper for their former elevation. — These can only excite the tear of *pity*. — The miser may triumph in the gains of chicanery and artifices innumerable, whose

heaps enrapture his fordid heart, while fears for their safety rack his anxious mind. — The miser, should he lose the dear-bought purchase, feels, — what must ever be a stranger to thy breast.

Many there are, whose situations, when investigated, sink them beneath the smallest claim to commiseration. Habitual vice for ever precludes the consolation of the virtuous, and they suffer doubly from the crime and its effect. — You, my Frances, have yet many advantages to boast. A stranger to wickedness, I had almost said, to folly, rich in the love of all that know you, and blessed with a docile disposition, it is not for *you* to be miserable. — Conscious of rectitude, even in thought, you may safely exclaim “To me the arrows of misery are blunted.” I have heard very able disputants contend, the dispensations of providence are dealt equally to all mankind. — It is a bold, and, I am free to think, an uncertain, hypothesis.

Your

Your case is a particular exception. But this I can aver, that misfortune will rankle in the heart that shudders at calamity, while the serene and steady temper will, by patient submission, prove itself worthy of a better fate.

I have known humiliating sorrows. I have experienced innumerable mortifications. Disappointed of that preferment I was led to expect, from the promises of a friend; — deserted by that *friend* at a time when his assistance was necessary to save a helpless family from indigence; — a *poor curacy* our whole support; — your mother languishing under an incurable disorder; these were afflictions, my child, which called for redress; and to whom could I apply, for that *redress*, but to the man whose life I had saved? — Crossing a rapid stream, Mr. S — was dismounted by a sudden plunge of his horse; I beheld, from an opposite bank, his fruitless efforts to regain the shore; thoughtless

of my own danger, and his former breach of promise, (for he it was who had before deceived me,) I rushed into the river, and brought him safe to land. Professions of gratitude were the consequence of his preservation; upon *those professions* I once more depended. — The living of Stanley became vacant; I ventured to remind him of the poor curate. — He saw me, and politely invited me to dinner, at which was present a haughty vicar. — Soon as the cloth was removed, Mr. S — mentioned me, to this gentleman, as a person proper to fill *his* cure. I started. — It was a *living*, not a *cure*, I solicited. — The vicar talked of terms. Mr. S — reddened, when he offered me £40 per annum. — My heart was wrung. — £40 was not a compensation for an income I then enjoyed, and must consequently give up. — I turned to Mr. S —. “ Pray, sir, is this
“ gentleman in possession of Stanley?”

He

He hesitated, rose from his chair, and, looking another way, — “ Why, — Yes, — Mr. Jenkins ; — I am under indispensable obligations to him, but *you* shall always find me a friend.” — This to the man who had saved his life, and whom he had *twice* deceived ! — I answered not, but left the room.

Frances, the parson had a *daughter* ; could his patron do otherwise than reward the supple parent ?

You are no stranger to the misery I endured when your exemplary mother died. Yet my soul struggled against *that* affliction. I contended with sorrow, and overcame it. — My story was related at the table of a nobleman, to whose goodness I owe unprecedented obligations, and through whose unwearied applications I possess *this* living, so infinitely preferable to that of Stanley. — Thus did Omniscience in its wisdom provide for uncomplaining patience. Profit, my dear-

est, from the example of a father, and remember, that this cloud, though heavy, may not always obscure prosperity.

Adieu, my daughter. Mention me in what manner you please to your mistaken husband. — This long epistle is the work of five days; but age must have its indulgences. S. J.

Mrs. WILMOT to the Rev. Mr. JENKINS.

Portland-Place, July 2.

AFTER returning the most grateful thanks to my father for his consoling arguments, I am still farther to assure him they are not lost upon the duteous Frances. — Yes, dear and venerable sir, I *have* drawn comfort from your pious and encouraging exhortations. — It is true, the prospect clears not; but it is equally true I can behold with steadiness the approaching tempest, and prepare myself for its effects. — Judge, from what follows, if there is not reason for the most unremitting

unremitting patience, as well as prudence, on my side.

Sir Henry Wilmot called upon us yesterday in a violent hurry, apparently trembling. Edward felt for his brother, and immediately conducted him to his closet, adjoining the breakfast-parlour. The door was left open. A laudable curiosity rivetted me to my seat, from whence I could hear and see the particulars of a transaction which increases, or rather confirms, my apprehensions.—Your sagacity needs not the useless tautology of says he, &c.

My husband took Sir Henry's hand, and, in the most soothing accents, asked the reason why he appeared so disturbed.

“ I am *indeed* disturbed. — That monster, Ingram, is my eternal torment.
“ — It is but now I stepped into your
“ house to avoid him. He has haunted
“ me the whole week past, and threatens,
“ — O my pride, — threatens me with a
“ jail,

“ jail, unless his terms are immediately
“ complied with ; and, by heavens, the
“ interest he has received already amounts
“ to near one third of what I first bor-
“ rowed.”

“ You do wrong, Sir Henry. I would
“ rather lessen the *real* debt than con-
“ tinue to pay an extravagant premium
“ for the use of money which this fellow
“ may demand when you cannot possibly
“ return it. — I suppose he does not part
“ with his property without a valuable
“ consideration.”

“ Seven per cent. by Jove.”

“ How exorbitant ! But what does he
“ now expect ?”

“ The whole, Edward : — excepting,
“ — that is, — indeed there is *one* way.”

“ What, brother ?”

“ Why the matter stands thus. — He
“ does not like my bondsman, and
“ insists I should either find a man that
he

“ he shall approve, or else pay the debt
 “ immediately.”

My husband looked astonished. —
 Sir Henry continued, — “ I would not
 “ indulge the rapacious rascal, but —
 “ I was now followed by three ill-looking
 “ men, who doubtless were set on by
 “ him.”

They were interrupted by the entrance
 of a servant. Edward came from the closet,
 and was informed, Mr. Ingram wished
 to see him. He was shewn into the
 room I sat in. At sight of Sir Henry,
 who joined us, he exclaimed, “ Oh!
 “ your servant, Sir ; I cou’dn’t find you at
 “ home, and so have been tramping up
 “ and down to every coffee-house at this
 “ quality-end of the town ; for I was re-
 “ solved to see you, by hook or by crook,
 “ as the saying is.”

“ Well ; and now you see me, what is
 “ your business ?”

“ Oh !

“ Oh! you knows my business well
“ enough. But, if you comes to that, I
“ shall make bould for to say, as how
“ you runs on, hand over head, deeper
“ and deeper in debt, and never thinks
“ of paying a body. And so I’m comed
“ once for all, to know if you means to
“ let me have a fresh bond, or pay off the
“ ould score; for I won’t be put off so no
“ more.”

Mr. Wilmot then interrogated him. —

“ Pray, why did you lend such a sum
“ without satisfactory security?”

“ Because Sir Henry said as how the
“ bond was *a good man*; and I thought
“ his honour as honest as myself.”

“ Well, Mr. Ingram, I have no doubt
“ but this affair will soon be settled to
“ your satisfaction.”

“ Ay, ay; but I *have* a donbt; and
“ so that’s neither here nor there. Your
“ brother has promised me many’s the
“ time and often; but fine words pays no
“ debts:

“ debts: its a *quine*, indeed, that gentry
 “ have at their tongues end, but I never
 “ found they cou’d purchase a ha’porth
 “ of brick-dust. But *your* honor (and his
 “ countenance assumed a peculiar grin)
 “ I believe is a *good man*, and I shoudn’t
 “ have no sort of any objection to your
 “ name — but am determined.”

Sir Henry, with a reproachful look.
 interrupted him. “ Patience!—Thou mer-
 “ cenary brute, my brother has already
 “ conferred unreturnable obligations.”

“ Well, and what’s that to me? I dufent
 “ say but he has. — But what then? I am
 “ sure, in regard to that there respect, I
 “ says mum to obligations. — Indeed, if
 “ people won’t do it for their own flesh
 “ and blood, and the like of that, why
 “ the law must take its course.”

“ Yes; and the law shall take its
 “ course. — Brother, adieu. — It is a
 “ cursed world! I am totally sick of it.”

My

My Edward started at his brother's violence. — "Where are you going, Sir Henry?"

"Where Ingram chooses to take me. — Perhaps to a spunging house."

"Yes; and I believe 'twill be a good while before you get out of limbo. —

Principal and interest; no less than fifteen thousand pound, Sir Henry. —

"You know, I told ye, my Sall's a going to be married to a great pawnbroker; and I must either lay down a round sum, or give up the match; so, if you comes to that, I fancy you'll soon breathe the Borough air."

"Insulting fiend! — I'll bear it no longer." — Sir Henry was quite furious, — His eyes lightened, and he shook with passion.

I felt an emanation of compassion for the unhappy man who had, through extravagance, subjected himself to the insults of purse-proud meanness, — "Mr. Wilmot,"

“ mot,” said he “ for the last time, farewell. And you, my dear sister, think sometimes upon a lost relative.” — He rushed down stairs, — Ingram pursued, overtook — and brought him back. My husband seemed absorbed in thought, to a degree of insensibility, though he sighed deeply. The wretched libertine looked wildly at his brother; then, turning to Ingram. — “ Why do you bring me back? Let us go. — Have you not threatened me with imprisonment?” A tear seemed to scald his glowing face.

“ Do not go,” said Edward. Sir Henry placed himself against a card-table, and stood with folded arms steadfastly gazing at my worthy Wilmot. — It was too much for *his* feeling heart. He could not resist the workings of a benevolent mind. Catching Sir Henry’s hands, — “ Shall a brother pine in prison while I, — and yet I have not too much. — But he has *nothing*. — Sir Henry, you have
“ conquered.

“conquered. — Ingram, have you a bond
“properly filled. — Quickly let me do
“it, or prudence may get the better of
“fraternal love.”

It was produced, signed, and witnessed by masters. I sat in silent agony. My feelings were such as I hope never again to experience. Ingram, after a promise from his debtor of the arrears of the interest, dropped a bow of civility and left the house.

Sir Henry could not conceal his triumph. He thanked his brother with an air I did not like. It was a mixture of pride that disdained obligation, and delight at the accomplishment of his ungenerous wishes. This thought rendered him, in my eye, the most disagreeable of human beings; and it was with real satisfaction I saw him quit the room.

Thus has my Edward made himself answerable for the *whole debt*. I draw no inferences from this precipitate act. May
heaven

heaven avert the slightest evil from my Wilmot. Does not almost every letter confirm Louisa's observation, that a retentive memory was ever a distinguishing characteristic of her most affectionate and your dutiful,

FRANCES WILMOT?

Sir HENRY WILMOT to Mrs. TENBY.

Soho, July 2.

IT is done. My fears are at an end. Liberty, thou darling of a free-born spirit, once more a zealous advocate rejoices under thy auspices.

Oh! how convenient to my purposes was this *last* plot! Delightful effect of *fraternal love*! To that thy Henry owes his freedom. No longer kept under by the money-loving Ingram, I can laugh at his menaces, and treat his remonstrances with contempt, and, when he will no longer be put off, send him to my credulous brother — for payment! In few words, Wilmot has joined his name to mine in a

K

fresh

fresh bond. But Ingram — I could not have thought the fellow possessed so much adroitness. — It is true, when first I proposed the scheme, he whined out an objection, — could not have the *conscience*! — Oh! curse his *conscience*. It was fast asleep when he exacted seven per cent. for his money. But I soon engaged him heartily in the cause, and he went through without boggling. You would have enjoyed my sister's vexation at the transaction. She coloured; bit her lips; grew pale; and, when her husband signed the bond, she clasped her hands, and wept plentifully. No matter. All is safe. I do not think they had the least suspicion of a collusion. In fact, the whole affair was so near truth, it required but small skill to deceive. I have no doubt but the dread of disappointment operated so strongly upon my actions as to preclude the most trifling supposition of a concerted

ed

ed scheme. However, Ingram is satisfied, and I am *almost* happy; and but *almost*, till Tenby shares in her lover's felicity. Meet me, next Friday, at the Crown, at Canterbury; we will take a trip to the Spa. I have enough for the excursion. Till then, adieu. H. W.

Mrs. WILMOT to Miss JENKINS.

Portland-Place, July 10.

LORD D—— has given my husband and self a warm invitation to accompany him to his mother's, Lady D——'s, seat, in Cumberland. I should have been transported at the idea of seeing my Edward for some months at least freed from the trammels of — I need not say whom. — But, sister, Lord D—— is a *gamester*. — However we are to go next week. — Interrupted already — I must quit my employment as company is below. . . .

Louisa, will you credit your sister, that one of the company was Ingram! Introduced

duced by — Ferguson! — who, though rough as the winds in behaviour, and sufficiently unpolishd, must ever, for his valuable qualities, be welcome to Edward and Frances, as you know, he possesses a heart tender as your own. I rejoiced to see the honest creature: but to see him *thus* accompanied! — Oh! my dear, *we* are now under obligations to the usurer! My husband frowned, when Captain Ferguson said to his companion. — “Come, bear a hand, old boy; won’t you salute my pretty Fanny.”

I drew back. The fellow took not advantage of Ferguson’s freedom. — “I know better, sir, than to offer to buss a lady agenst her inclination.”

“Faith, you’re in the right,” observed the sailor, “it must be a damag’d vessel indeed that wou’d grapple with your old hulk.”

“You seem acquainted, gentlemen,” said Edward.

“No,

“ No, faith. I pick’d him up in the
 “ Park ; and, seeing he was a queer putt,
 “ I e’en asked him to come along with
 “ me ; for I must have something to laugh
 “ at. Besides, I have certainly seen him
 “ somewhere.”

Ingram stared with a look of stupid astonishment. — “ Why, ay. As sure as
 “ I am alive, you are the *very* man I went
 “ to Dover with !”

Ferguson, shaking his hand with a violence sufficient to dislocate his shoulder,
 — “ Right enough, faith ! Well, I’m
 “ glad to see thee, old interest and
 “ principal. How goes stock, hay ?”

Pained with the squeeze, Ingram could only grin a compliment to Ferguson. —
 Lord D—— entered, and asked Wilmot to go to Vauxhall. — The captain took it up. — “ Ay, ay ; we’ll all go. Haven’t
 “ been to Foxhall these twenty years.
 “ — My fellow traveller, too, shall go.”

His lordship looked surprised, but would not baulk the scheme, as he expected much *fun* from these curious contrasts. My husband was exceedingly vexed, but offered not to oppose his noble visitor, and they set off pretty early, at Ingram's instigation, as he *must* be at home by *eleven o'clock*.

Edward returned rather diverted with his evening's entertainment. I was happy to see a smile of pleasure on that countenance which lately has been cloathed with frowns of discontent. — He and Lord D—— have given me a particular account of what passed. I shall endeavour to recollect as much as may the more strikingly mark the characters of those two originals. They entered the gardens about eight. Ingram destroyed the effect of a fine piece of music by his incessant clamour for a box; declaring his inability to walk much, as he had two corns, which were *plaguy* troublesome.

The

The seat was no sooner obtained than his eyes were fixed on the bill of fare, which is fastened to a pillar, for the instruction of those who are ignorant of the customary charges: Not able perfectly to distinguish the figures, he saddled his nose, first carefully wiping the glasses, then muttered to himself. — “Chicken,—ham, — beef. — Good luck take it! whats this? a *shilling* for one lettuce! Why I can buy a dozen of ’em for less money, in Newgate-Market; a little run, perhaps, or so; what then? They’re good for the wholesomes, as I tell my Sall.”

“None of your palaaever,” says honest Ferguson, “you must let out a reef to night, faith. No flinching at *Foxball*. What, I suppose you think to sup for a shilling a head.”

“And enough too, of all conscience. Why I can dine handsomely at the George for eight-pence.”

“ All’s one for that, old principle and
“ and interest. You’ve got the best ca-
“ bin aboard, and must pay for it.”

“ Od hang it; why, for the matter of
“ that, we can as well set upon one of
“ them there benches.”

“ Why indeed,” answered Lord D—,
laughing, “ You have chosen an expen-
“ sive place to sit in; however, I’ll ven-
“ ture to bring you off for about” —

“ How much ?” asked Ingram apprehensively.

The sailor roared out at his ear, “ Oh!
“ one pound one, at least.”

Poor Ingram, shocked to the last degree at this innovation upon frugality, left them without speaking, and sought the most retired part of the garden to vent his chagrin, quite forgetful of the *corns*. The captain clapt his hands, setting up a halloo which might have been heard almost to Westminster-Bridge. Mrs. K’s mellow tones soon drew them to the orchestra,

chestra, where they enjoyed the rich regale which old Robin Gray must ever afford to the lovers of simple harmony.

Ferguson listened attentively till the song was finished, when my husband, turning round, was astonished to see tears trickling down his face. Dashing the moisture from his cheek, he exclaimed, — “ Upon my soul, I’d rather hear the
 “ 104th psalm than this dismal ditty. It
 “ puts one in mind of” — The poor fellow hesitated; he could not go on. He thought of his lost Peggy.

“ Why indeed,” whined Ingram, who unperceived had joined them, “ ’tis only
 “ a cock and a bull story of nobody
 “ knows what. The old fellow was a
 “ fool, to marry the girl without money.
 “ — But come, can’t a body have a glass
 “ of something and a mouthful of bre’n
 “ cheese.”

“ Go to the devil or the Welch mountains,” retorted the captain, “ for your
 “ cheese,

“cheese. I say *cheese*, indeed, at Fox-hall! Here, drawer, bring a couple of bottles of wine and some tarts.”

The bell ringing for the cascade occasioned the usual bustle. Ingram, instead of giving way, began to elbow the croud which pressed upon him. Better he had not: for several spruce apprentices, observing his restiveness, gave each other the wink, and, one of them crying “smoke that old prig,” they fairly overturned the unfortunate sufferer, skipping over him with great agility. His fall interrupting those who were running that way, lads and lasses, — old and young, — Jews and gentiles, paid their devoirs to the prostrate usurer, rolling over him without the least compunction, maugre all his cries and ineffectual resistance. — The torrent subsiding, Lord D—— and Edward, though almost convulsed with laughter, raised the distressed hero upon his feet. By some accident, a bottle of red

red port had fallen from a table, and he perceived with horror the marks of the rosy god distaining his best cloaths. Stamping with passion, he roared out, "Oh! that I had not come to Foxhall in this here dress! Do but behold, here's a coat! bran spick and span new at our last feast! put it on a purpose to carry our alderman his bill this morning. — My wig too," taking it up from the ground "not worth a fardin! See how it drips!" He wrung the crimson fluid from the curls with both hands. — Ferguson, snatching it from him, hoisted it upon his cane, swearing it was a trophy of honour, and should be displayed at the mast head. He paraded several times round the orchestra, calling to the company to pay obedience to the British flag. Ingram ran after him, with a silk handkerchief tied under his chin, caught the stick, and made sure of the spoil, which he immediately replaced on his head, and they

they left him in the box, lamenting his misfortunes, to attend Mrs. W. — The captain, transported with her sprightly powers, vociferously repeated, “ Ay! “ aye! that’s the girl for my money! “ God bless her good-humoured face. “ Ongcore, my hearty. Why I’d rather “ hear her song than the boatswain’s whif- “ tle.” — What a simile! “ Tally ho — “ ho — h — o — ! Well done, my brave “ wench.” He then threw up his hat, gave three cheers, and vowed she was the smartest little frigate between this and Gibraltar.

Passing by their box, Ferguson suddenly stopped, and, holding his finger to the side of his nose, whispered to Lord D——. “ For the love of fun, look at “ Ingram.” The poor man was regaling himself with wine and cakes, thoughtless of the tremendous reckoning of *one pound one*. He perceived them approaching, and,

and, turning flyly round, tossed off a bumper as he imagined unseen.

“Avast, avast, there;” said the sailor;
 “what stealing the ship’s stores! Come,
 “come, messmate, you shall be put to
 “short allowance.” Then, taking the
 bottle, he held it up to the candle. —
 “Half out, as I live! Here, you draw-
 “er, you keep a good look out, to be
 “sure! Why here’s a pirate in the offing.
 “If you don’t keep better watch, I shall
 “stop your wages, remember that.”

Ingram, ashamed of being detected, muttered something about the wind in his stomach, by way of apology. — It was readily admitted, as Ferguson’s attention to a noble piece of music prevented farther altercation. It was God save the king, with variations. — He loudly chanted some of the words, but observed the *musicianers* were out of tune, and lamented they should play a song they did not understand. Delighted with the finale

nale which succeeded, he cried out, —
“ God ! there’s my little wench of wax
“ again faith ! ay, ay, you shall have my
“ vote, I promise ye. — Not but I like
“ her with the row de dow dow, too.”
He expressed himself infinitely pleased
upon the whole, roaring alternately, the
rest of the evening, Tally ho, — God save
the king, — and row de dow dow.

The supper passed pretty quietly, for
Lord D—— insisted upon staying, not
yet weary of this *diversion*. Ingram was
rather elevated ; and, when Edward or-
dered a quart of arrack, observed it was
hardly a mouthful a piece ; “ Why, good
“ gracious, I can drink a pint myself.”
The gentlemen smiled ; Ferguson bid the
waiter bring two quarts ; but, when the
smoking bowl was set before them, the
usurer smacked his lips, saying, they gave
very good measure ; then, rising to look
at the bill of fare, “ Od whip it, this
“ must be a mistake, though.”

“ No,

“ No, no, my lad,” said Ferguson,
“ no deceit in a brimmer. Good stuff,
“ faith. Drink about, and then pay,
“ old skin-flint.”

Edward, tired with their noise, pressed to be gone. In compliance with his request, the bill was brought. Ingram rose to leave the box.

“ Gemmen, you’ll settle this here little
“ account; I’ll be with you in a minute.”

“ Stop a moment,” exclaimed the captain; “ what, you are for sheering off before the reckoning’s settled, I see that.
“ Come, put down your guinea, and then
“ go to the devil.”

“ A guinea! God forbid! I thought
“ as how three or four shillings. — But
“ stay, let me see the bill. — Ay, ’tis so
“ indeed. — What *shall* I do?” He produced some silver and a quantity of halfpence, declaring it was all he had, and he turned his pockets inside out to strengthen the assertion.

These

These evasions were heartily ridiculed by the sailor, who swore his pockets were deeper than the Black-Sea, and then threw down two guineas, saying, "Who ever doubted a miser's conscience? Take up your paltry silver, or give it to the waiter, for conniving at your meanness while we were absent."

"Mercy on me, I never gis but a penny to Bob, at the George, and then its with a proviso he's civil. — Now I thinks a penny a piece all round is very handsome."

Ferguson seemed ready to buffet him. But Ingram, happy to escape the payment of such an *enormorous* bill, as he called it, bore the other's taunts and reproaches with patience and submission.

Lord D—— laughed excessively while himself and Edward related the above particulars; which, though fraught with vulgarity, I have ventured to describe, as my sister professes herself an unlimited admirer

mirer of nature's originals. You once wished for the above-mentioned peer's character from my pen; as his visits, while you continued with us, were too short to fix your opinion of him. I shall just observe, that though, in many respects, an honour to the peerage, yet are there traits in his lordship's disposition which fully his good qualities. A love of low gratifications, as you may perceive by the above, is among his follies. Indefatigable in his endeavours to assist distressed merit, Lord D— spares no pains, remits no opportunity, to procure establishments for friendless excellence. Is there a family who can make the smallest claim to his charity, his purse and interest are considered as offerings due to their sufferings. Does the industrious tenant complain of unseasonable weather or scanty crops, he is sure to be excused *that* year's rent. Is a collection set on foot for some great public purpose, Lord

L

D—'s

D—'s name stands first upon the list of subscribers. And yet Lord D— stops at no difficulties which may bar the indulgence of his passions. The wife of his bosom friend, the child of his benefactor, should they be deemed proper objects of pursuit, are thought equally attainable with the meretricious wanton. Does a faithful servant oppose his will in the smallest respect, thoughtless of the poor man's worth, and unconscious, at that moment, of his own dignity, this nobleman scruples not, by blows and the most illiberal expressions, to vent his boiling rage. Should a favourite horse be distanced at Newmarket by his competitor, not all its good qualities can save the creature's life. More than one has he stabbed on the spot, owing to its unfortunate failure on the turf. A run of ill luck at the gaming-table will soon prove too hard for his patience. Foaming with rage at the disappointment, he has destroyed many
innocent

innocent packs of cards because chance had deprived him of the four aces. Thus do we see an extraordinary warmth of disposition betray the possessor into faults that more than overbalance his virtues, where those faults and those virtues spring from one root.

What a pleasing yet strange interruption! The bishop of C—— is below, and enquires for *me*! He was an invaluable friend of Wilmot's father, has been at the German Spa some years, and I suppose now means to renew his friendship for my husband. Strange he should ask for me only!

I have seen the bishop, and was astonished at the venerable figure that arose at my entrance. — He cannot be less than seventy years of age. *Such* dignity blended with *such* meekness! — His language *so* persuasive! attitudes *so* expressive! Absolutely, my *poor soldier* is in danger. Lord C—— bids fair for the preference. Next

to that of my dear father, he has the most benignant countenance I ever beheld. It is indeed a letter of credence for what is spoken of him, that he is the primitive christian and accomplished gentleman.

With a graceful apology for the abruptness of his visit he entered upon the motive, which pleaded excuse for that *abruptness*, informing me of several particulars which increase my suspicions of Sir Henry's baseness. — "I fear, madam," said he, "this intelligence may wound your bosom's tranquility. — I dreaded to make a discovery that may destroy your peace, or at least — might lessen a husband's dignity in his wife's estimation. But it is highly necessary he should be made sensible of his situation in an unlimited connection with that bad man. And who so proper as the partner of his heart to point out the greatness of his danger? Who can probe, with a hand so gentle, the wounds which

“ which treachery has already inflicted,
 “ as a faithful endearing companion?
 “ Make your husband, dear lady, ac-
 “ quainted with what I have said. Paint,
 “ with all the eloquence of female ora-
 “ tory, the consequence of such a destruc-
 “ tive procedure.” — I wept. — “ Sweet
 “ gentle creature, I cannot bear to pain
 “ you. It is but a preventative of future
 “ evils I would enforce, before it be too
 “ late.”

“ Too late! — Ah! my lord, it is *too*
 “ *late*! — If Sir Henry be that wretched
 “ deceiver, we are already ruined.” Oh!
 Louisa, what a balm were the bishop’s
 soothing to counteract the force of
 those corrosives he had before applied. I
 looked up. He was bending over me.
 A tear of compassion fell upon my arm.
 Was I to blame in kissing off the precious
 testimony of angelic sympathy? I hope
 not. The action affected him; he turned
 aside. I was almost overcome. A strange

degree of enthusiasm possessed me. "Per-
" mit a grateful woman to thank your
" lordship for this tender condescension.
" Permit me to entreat another visit.
" May I beg you would employ your re-
" sistless influence with my husband? —
" He cannot but pay due attention to
" *your* desire. — We may then be happy.
" — A very moderate income will suf-
" fice, if content sweeten the loss of gran-
" deur."

" Excellent Mrs. Wilmot, I will do
" every thing you wish. *Your* character
" was an inducement with me to explain
" the unhappy affair to you first. — I will
" now see or write to Mr. Wilmot. But
" why do you hint at ruin? Has the un-
" natural Henry practised so far upon his
" generous brother as to prevent the ac-
" commodation of this matter?

I told him the whole proceeding. —
He sighed. — " I fear indeed it will not
" easily be compromised. However, all
" means

“ means must be tried. Adieu, my precious daughter. I must leave you. Encourage hope.”

I sobbed my compliments, and he departed.

What a blessing is a feeling heart! I can venture to pronounce, the bishop's visit has given me more pleasure than pain, although his communications were disagreeable, nay, shocking. Sir Henry has mortgaged his whole estate to Ingram, and the money he received for it is intirely gone. What then must be the consequence to us? Destruction. Terrible idea! Yet, Louisa, I am comforted, to find this venerable man retains so kind so benevolent an opinion of my Edward. — Adieu, sister. In my wishes for your happiness include every dutious remembrance for that of our dear father.

F. WILMOT.

Bishop of C.— to Sir HENRY WILMOT.

Portman-Square, Aug. 3.

TH E insolent neglect, visible in your determined silence to my long, and I will say, friendly, letter, has produced no other effect than reiterated expostulation. You doubtless expected cold contempt would mark my notice of a behaviour so reprehensible. Not so, Sir Henry. Resolute in my duty, just to the memory of your deceased parent, and earnest in my endeavours to rouse the wicked, I shall neither be piqued at insult nor intimidated by haughty defiance. — The consequences of your infamous course of life I would strongly urge. — The fears expressed in my last epistle were grounded on *suspicion*; certainty has now assumed its place; and I am clear in my opinion that you are guilty of the blackest vices. Conduct so vile as yours demands forcible and even severe reproof. A heart, callous from habitual evil, resists the tender voice of
of

of mild entreaty, spurns the important pleas of virtue, and too often glories in oppressive violence. *Your* behaviour tacitly confirms the truth of my assertions, and proves the necessity of speaking in thunder. Lenient showers may refresh the porous glebe, but rushing winds and blackening tempests are necessary to clear the turbid atmosphere.

Your *wife*, Sir Henry, — the word displeases; be it so; — your wife pines in obscure retirement. The days of love, of sacred duty, and cheerful youth, are clouded by the cruel neglect of an unnatural husband. In what has the amiable sufferer offended? I will tell you. She forsook her parents, left her kind protectors, and trusted to *your* goodness to supply their forfeited affection. This was a fault. True. But at whose instigation committed? *Yours*. The man who punished her for *that* fault was the *sole* cause of her deviation from prudence. And dare
you,

you, because the *world* knows not of these shocking circumstances, dare you persist in, nay, live, a *lye*? Will you deny an authenticated fact, because a material witness is debarred from giving evidence to the truth? Do justice to this injured *wife*. Recall her to your bosom. Make her your confidante. She will not abuse the trust. Ask not how I became thus instructed. It is sufficient you cannot disprove me. The *world* shall *not* be kept in ignorance. If justice, compassion, love, fail to effect the salutary purpose, power *shall* be employed to bring you to do an act, which, however reluctantly performed, will prove the efficacy of our laws.

My next charge is equally heavy. Adultery, openly expressed. Mrs. Tenby can explain my meaning. Does that surprise you? Does it convince? Do you not see what a wound to delicacy is this accusation? Perceive you not how awkwardly a prelate must feel, while obliged
to

to accuse, in such unambiguous terms, his fellow-creatures of a crime so horrid? *Adultery*, Sir Henry, aggravated by *ingratitude*! The man you robbed was, a *friend*! What lengths he went to serve you, when rendered obnoxious to justice by illicit practices! You fled from France. This man employed all his friends to obtain your release. When the *lettre de cachét* was issued, he ceased not petitioning till the decree was revoked. When reinstated, by *his* means, in honourable security, you returned the obligation; snatched from his arms the woman he adored, and left him to every misery such a situation could induce.

A third crime calls for all your cunning to evade. What was only hinted at before, I now absolutely charge you with. — Your brother, open and undefining, has fallen into the wily snare. For shame, for shame, Sir Henry! — Your estate, too scanty to support unlimited luxury, is already

ready forfeited. Large sums of money have followed that sacrifice; and what remains? The generous credulity of Edward Wilmot. He was your *last* resource. *He* was a proper object for your base designs. Those designs are completed, and I am informed he owes the continuance of his freedom to the contemptible usurer, Ingram.

And now, if not wholly dead to all sense of feeling, if one penetrable spot be left in that faulty heart, if conscience be yet alive to reproof,—reproach perhaps,—let me solemnly awaken you to a sense of guilt. Life, should it reach its farthest limits, falls short of a century. One third of that you have nearly past; and, oh! tremendous God! how many sins have occupied the crowded span! — Your wife deserted; your brother nearly ruined; your friend reduced to insanity; what a catalogue of crimes! — Close the black account. If pity, if compunction, be

be not extinct, add not to this infernal list. Think of retribution ; and, though the transactions are indelibly fixed in fate's unerring book, soften, as much as in you lies, the terrible consequences of unrepented guilt. — Recall the partner of your bed to her undoubted right ; release an injured brother ; and restore to Mr. Tenby his sacred property. Then shall you be entitled to the prayers of

EMANUEL C——.

✍ Several letters from Mrs. Wilmot, during her visit to Lord D——'s mother, are omitted, as not essential to the business of the history.

Mrs. WILMOT to Miss JENKINS.

Portland-Place, Nov. 30.

THINGS are precisely in the same state as when we left town. No prospect of retrieving our affairs ; and, what is worse, my dear infatuated husband seems to rejoice at the arrival of winter, which

which necessarily calls together the gay, the giddy, and, ah! Louisa, the gamesters.

Our reverend prelate's tender expostulations have had no visible effect. He was here yesterday; Edward looked shy; and, after the customary compliments, quitted the room. "I see, madam," said the bishop, "your husband is hurt at my freedom. I did not write, because a verbal altercation seemed most eligible. However, I may yet try means more effectual." Good man! he *may* try, but I fear the event.

What a listless inattention possesses our minds while under the immediate operations of secret troubles. Even when *present* to the *brilliant* scenes of life, pleasures, gaiety, the charms of lively conversation, all lose their consequence, while we wander through the round of dissipation. My sister will naturally ask, what has given rise to these reflections? Tickets for the masquerade,

masquerade, sent by Lord D——. Edward insists upon my attendance at the Pantheon. It is a compliment due, he says, to the politeness of his lordship. To appear in character requires the highest exertion of spirits. How unfit is your Frances to partake of a diversion so ill calculated for her present situation. — But Mr. Wilmot *commands*, must she not submit? The noble person of my husband will receive addition from the splendid ornaments of a mogul. He has just now permitted me to go in a domino. Our kind Mrs. Medway will lessen, by her sensible observations, the tedious hours. Adieu, Louisa; I write not again till after the masquerade. Thursday evening will give pleasure to many thoughtless beings.

Mrs. WILMOT in continuation.

Dec. 6

Pleasure, did I say, to many thoughtless beings? — Yes, and *pain* to some in the extreme. Oh! my sister, what scenes have

have I witnessed ! Expect a long and circumstantial detail of the adventures of a masquerade, and their shocking termination.

It was near twelve, when we arrived at the Pantheon. The brilliancy that struck me at my first entrance, for a moment, obliterated my cares. Above, around, and underneath, the softened sounds issued. — Sounds that would chase away the keenest sorrows. I could not help indulging a few moments reflection on the fascinating power of music, and with what strength it operates upon the feeling mind. Though fatigued with the bustle previous to our entrance, nay terrified by the troublesome notice of the common people, several of whom thrust their links in at the coach window, to satisfy their curiosity with a view of our finery, and alarmed at the boisterous expressions of delight, which broke from every ungente being at the sight of Lord
D—,

D——, who was an excellent jew mask, and who gratified them with a highly natural display of his Israelitish accomplishments yet. how soon did every disagreeable emotion subside, when, from the interior building, the sweetest harmony struck my attention. Harmony, which, at first, stole gently upon the ear, but, as we approached, grew bolder and more distinct. They were playing my favourite march. — Had I been a foldier, at that moment, methinks I could have conquered legions. How contemptible appeared the fluttering tribe who were skipping around, while my soul was indulging the sublime though transient rapture.

Soon after our entrance, the company began to collect, and dancing was attempted. But, my sister, it put me in mind of two lines, which, upon this occasion, seemed applicable. Perhaps your delicacy will think them too severe.

M

How

How ill the motion with the music suits!

Thus Orpheus fiddled, and thus danced the brutes!

Could it be otherwise, when those, who attempted to share in this diversion, were continually interrupted by the giddy *mob*? Did you never see a mob at a masquerade, that took delight to run amongst them, like children, wishing to hinder the pleasure they were of too little consequence to partake in? Mrs. Medway and myself were politely addressed by a hermit. His observations were pertinent, though few; and his answers to repeated interrogations often in point. — A razor-grinder, applying for his custom, told the sage, he hoped his weapons would bear an edge sufficient to cut in two the English constitution. The hermit answered. —
“Should you succeed, your endeavours
“would be of little consequence, for,
“like a broken bone, it would imme-
“diately unite, and be the stronger for
“the cement.”

A

A sailor informing him the wind was south-west; "No such thing," said he. — "The wind is like your wit, at the freezing-point."

My husband was much pleased with this stranger, who encouraged his overtures of familiarity.—Our jew had sufficient business during the night. Your brother was incessantly pestered with petitions from distressed politicians, who were dying for news from India. Mine and Mrs. Medway's dresses exempted us from partial notice, and we enjoyed the satisfaction of making observations, without subjecting ourselves to the fatigue of tiresome replications to officious questions.

The notice for supper relieved, for a time, those characters to whose ingenuity the masquerade owed its support, and we adjourned to the regions below for the necessary though gross renovation of drooping spirits, in the substantial comforts of beef, &c. Do not be surprised,

M 2

Louisa,

Louisa, at the idea of beef reviving the *spirits*. — Such wit as we generally met with cannot rise above a certain height, and without the assistance of *solid* refreshments would undoubtedly sink to silent dulness. An instance follows. — A well finished shoe-black keeping an obstinate silence for some considerable time, observed, after he had emptied his bottle, that the supper-room was an exact epitome of Bartholomew-Fair, “ for (said “ he) here are trumpets, harlequins, “ punches, sailors, oyster-women, and “ geneva-sellers; the clatter of plates and “ jargon of voices; one party succeeds “ another at the tables. Some difference “ indeed strikes me; here is more noise “ and less air.”

The hermit replied, his observations were extremely proper, from one who doubtless had experimentally studied the affinity between them.

“ Yes,”

“ Yes,” said a stranger, “ the vicinity
 “ of that gentleman’s habitation to Smith-
 “ field clearly accounts for his sarcastic
 “ reflections.” The unfortunate shoe-
 polisher slunk away, piqued at the pointed
 inference.

Quitting the supper-room, which exhibited a scene of confusion, we again entered the rotunda. It was replenished with several new characters, who were infinitely too polite to make their appearance till near morning. Among these harbingers of Aurora were Mars and Venus. The gentleman, short and rather clumsy; a person delightfully calculated, you must own, to represent the martial god. The lady had a majestic appearance, but too much inclining to the *em bon point* for that love-inspiring goddess. She had unfortunately forgot her Cupid. Her dress was beautiful. White satin covered with silver gauze; the cestus, white, studded with diamonds. Her hair simply

M 3 ornamented

ornamented with jessamine. A gold net was thrown back on her shoulder. — Indelicate enough, considering its reference to her detection with Mars.

This glittering pair passed us several times. They were followed by an elegantly formed Savoyard. — She wore a brown silk jacket trimmed with blue. Her bonnet nearly shaded the most luxuriant tresses imaginable. She sometimes left the circle, and placed herself in the most retired seat under the gallery, where I could perceive she wept. “The sweet Savoyard seems distressed,” said our hermit; and he sighed deeply. — Lord D—our jew, addressed her. She answered him laconically, in French, and her attitude spoke disgust. A wish to remain undiscovered was evident, by her unaffectedly shunning every inquisitive admirer. — Tired with an unremitted promenade, Mars and Venus condescended to seat themselves upon a sofa, and were immediately

immediately joined by several mortals, who claimed an equal right to the conveniences of the place with their splendid godships. The charming Savoyard no sooner perceived they were seated than she approached the spot, tuned a lute which hung before her, and opened a delightful symphony. The song that followed this harmonious prelude was executed in the most masterly stile. Her impassioned tones, sometimes sweetly languid, sometimes strong and clear, enraptured every hearer. — But she attended to none but the celestial couple. To them she sung, unconscious of general admiration. The song was a little canzonetta; the words Italian. I will endeavour to recollect them.

The faithless fair, whose roving mind.

No tentler tie of love can bind,

May glory in her shame;

M 4 But,

But, ah! for one alone I burn,
Although deny'd the just return
My constancy must claim!

You will allow for the errors of an imperfect translation, and how much it must have lost of its original simplicity by the attempt. We were exceedingly puzzled to account for the Savoyard's behaviour, which appeared rather contradictory. Eager to elude the notice of her admirers, and equally assiduous to attract the attention of the only *two* who affected to disregard her, she seemed disappointed and unhappy, and left the circle with a slow and melancholy pace, mindless of the surrounding multitude, who respected her sweet, though reserved deportment, while they sought a discovery she intended not to make. The hermit appeared uncommonly desirous to solve this phenomenon. He followed her into another room, and I saw him no more.

I will soon write again, Louisa.

Mrs.

*Mrs. Wilmot in continuation.**Dec. 10.*

IT grew late. I begged Lord D— as he stood chatting with Mrs. Medway and myself, to seek Mr. Wilmot, who had joined a party of his acquaintance. He went immediately, but had not been absent ten minutes, when an unusual disturbance arose, near the orchestra. Led by natural curiosity, we endeavoured to reach the spot from whence the noise came. The crowd prevented our near approach, and we could get no better intelligence than that two masks were quarrelling about a lady, and it was supposed a challenge would be the consequence. Terrified, without knowing why, I ran wildly up and down in pursuit of my husband. Mrs. Medway, as she has since told me, followed, unable to equal the velocity of my motions. I sought my Edward in every other apartment. They were empty. — My disappointment was
excessive;

excessive ; my apprehensions intolerable. The confusion increased. I could not enter the great room. All there was anarchy and uproar. — I was flying back again, when the Savoyard ran towards me, caught hold of my arm, and could only pronounce “ Wilmot ! Wilmot ! ” and then sunk on the floor. Louisa, what anguish shook my soul ! Convinced, from her words and evident distress, that some person of that name was in danger ; too ready to suppose no other Wilmot was present but my husband ; terrified to a degree too powerful to admit a reasonable hope ; and well acquainted with his spirit, which, of late, when provoked, becomes almost ferocious ; I was nearly distracted. To leave the senseless lady, without assistance, politeness, nay humanity, forbid ; barely to imagine my Wilmot was in distress and not fly to his relief was an injury to my tenderness. The friendly Mrs. Medway, guessing my thoughts, kindly

kindly begged me to take the most probable means to lessen my fears, and she would protect and strive to recover the poor Savoyard. — Delighted to obtain liberty without the forfeiture of my charity, I darted among the crowd, and soon perceived some fatal accident had happened. I strove, but without effect, to gain the interior circle: for added to the company were the proprietors, attendants, and every person that could gain admittance, who altogether increased the difficulty of getting nearer. The ladies were mostly retired, and I was obliged, reluctantly, to quit my design. At this moment I discovered Lord D—— and another gentleman coming towards me. They held a struggling female by her arms.

“To you,” said Lord D—— to her in a reproachful voice, “is Wilmot’s ruin owing.”

I started;

I started ; ran up to the lady, and beheld ! — Oh horror ! — beheld, under the disguise of Venus, — a fury — a worse than Medea ! — the savage Mrs. Tenby ! — She was speechless from passion. Her mask hung behind by one string. — Her whole appearance was dreadful.

Lord D—— saw me. — “ For God’s sake, dear lady,” he said, “ withdraw. Go from hence. The people are pressing this way.”

“ Tell me,” I cried, “ tell me, is Wil-
“ mot dead ? Whence arose this quarrel ?
“ Answer me, Lord D—— Oh ! too well
“ I guess the cause of your silence.”

He seemed eager to speak, but the crowd separated us, and I made my way back to Mrs. Medway in the greatest agony, mindless of every thing but what regarded my wretched situation. She was shocked at the wildness of my action. I stretched out my hand to her. “ Med-
“ way, *he is dead !*” And then, dropping on
the

the seat, I covered my face with the dear woman's domino, and burst into a violent fit of weeping. It gave me relief. I looked about. The gentle Savoyard was recovered; and gazing steadfastly at me, "What, and is *poor Wilmot* dead indeed?" "Then he has paid for all!" I sat stupidly silent. The languid lady arose trembling, and took my hand, which she kissed with inexpressible grace. — "If," said she, "I have, by an unguarded behaviour, destroyed *your* happiness, allow for the most poignant distress. Judge, from the tenderness of your own heart, what a faithful, constant, disappointed, love, must feel."

Her tears choked the words to which sorrow would have given utterance, and she left us, without power to explain a conduct so mysterious. Mrs. Medway tells me her countenance is truly foreign, but far from displeasing. The confusion, uncertainty, and dreadful foreboding that filled

filled my apprehensive mind, prevented any farther investigation of a phænomenon we were unable to solve. Her first application to me was strange; her last was still more unaccountable.

The room now began to clear, the noise to subside. I sat in a kind of gloomy expectation, faint and spiritless from my former exertions. I could only weep. Incapable of any farther attempt, your Frances waited in excruciating suspense. Mrs. Medway was employed in vain endeavours to calm my fears; she was interrupted by the welcome presence of Lord D——. I arose at the instant of his arrival, and, without waiting for his information, hastily said, “Oh! do you “ know my husband’s fate?”

“For heaven’s sake,” interrogated Mrs. Medway, “inform us of Mr. Wil-
“ mot’s situation. My friend has been
“ listening to vague reports, which have
“ almost distracted her.”

Oh! with what rapture did I receive his answer. "Mr. Wilmot is safe as myself, and would not now be absent, but to assist a wretched brother."

A brother! Good God! How I wished for information! But, supremely happy to be ascertained of Edward's safety, that wish was but secondary to my desire of embracing a husband I had almost given up. Lord D—— conducted us home, and employed the time till Mr. Wilmot's return in relating the events that had caused such terrible confusion.

"You remember," said he, "the hermit and myself alternately pursued the penfive Savoyard, vainly endeavouring to discover her motives for such an extraordinary mode of behaviour. To *me* she would not give the smallest encouragement; to the hermit she was rather more condescending. He used the most insinuating arguments to induce a discovery of herself, and her
" reasons

“ reasons for following Mars and Venus ;
 “ but upon those subjects she was silent,
 “ and even fullen. The hermit gave
 “ over his fruitless purpose, and, coming
 “ up to me,”

‘ There is something,’ said he, ‘ in
 ‘ that woman which awakens my cu-
 ‘ riosity, and yet damps it. Let us watch
 ‘ her motions.’

“ We did so. Our manœuvres were
 “ directed by hers. My friend Wilmot
 “ joined us, and we followed her into the
 “ tea-room. She approached the objects
 “ of her attention, and we heard her say,
 “ in a low voice, to Venus,

‘ Mrs. Tenby’s charms must suffer by
 ‘ any disguise.’

“ Your husband looked at me with
 “ astonishment. Our hermit, applying
 “ to the Savoyard.

‘ Is that, is that, Mrs. Tenby ?’

“ She turned from him, apparently
 “ vexed at her want of recollection. —

He

“He came to me.”

‘Sir, I demand your assistance.’

“I followed him to another room. He was evidently disturbed, and, taking off his mask, discovered a countenance horrid to behold. — Pale as ashes; his eyes looked wild; teeth clenched. — Good God! it was Mr. Tenby!”

‘That woman, that fascinating representation of Venus, is my wife. — Have you not heard of Mrs. Tenby?’

“I was struck. — My dear sir, be patient. — This is not a place for discovery. Be advised. Take no notice of her here, but, when she departs, follow her.”

‘Follow her! — Yes, to the infernal deep.’

“I saw it was in vain to contend. — I therefore listened in silence.”

‘I demand your assistance,’ said he again. ‘A husband has unlimited power to secure his wife wherever he can find

N

‘her.

‘ her. Come, sir, call some help to seize
 ‘ my property.’

“ He vanished from my sight. I knew
 “ not rightly what to do; but, impelled
 “ by the first idea, ran to an outward
 “ apartment, where were several of the
 “ proprietors, and in few words explained
 “ the matter. They accompanied me to
 “ the great room, where Mrs. Tenby
 “ was dancing, little suspecting the hor-
 “ rors that were soon to overwhelm her.
 “ Mr. Tenby was looking on impa-
 “ tiently; but loath, I suppose, to make
 “ his claim till authorised by the appear-
 “ ance of some friends. The moment he
 “ saw us advancing, quite unable longer
 “ to conceal his feelings, he stopped the
 “ lady’s partner, (you will guess that
 “ partner was Sir Henry,) and, grasping
 “ his collar, threw the unhappy Mars to
 “ some distance; then, catching his wife
 “ by the shoulder, tore aside her mask,
 “ and in the same moment his own.”

‘ Now,

‘ Now,’ said he, ‘ now behold your husband ! — Eliza, cruel Eliza !’

“ She could only gaze, deprived of
“ speech, when Sir Henry, who had re-
“ covered the sudden shock, rushed upon
“ Tenby and brought him to the ground.
“ With amazing agility he regained his
“ feet, and, quick as lightning, caught
“ a sword from the side of an officer,
“ who, unhappily, ignorant of the et-
“ quette of the place, had entered with
“ it on unperceived, and, rushing to his
“ adversary before any one could prevent
“ him, run Sir Henry through the shoul-
“ der, saying, —

‘ Revenge for my wrongs ! Die, mon-
ster !’

“ Your brother fell. The Savoyard,
“ who stood near, uttered a piercing
“ shriek, dropped on her knees beside
“ him, thrust her handkerchief between
“ his coat and shirt to stop the blood,
“ then arose immediately, gave another

“ shriek, and quickly vanished. What
 “ became of her afterwards I knew not.
 “ My business was now to secure Tenby.
 “ It was not an easy task.”

“ Take me,” said he, “ where you please.
 “ But I will no more quit my *wife*.”

“ Thy *wife*, murderer!” interrupted the
 wretched woman, “ No, never. Gen-
 “ tlemen, he is mad. I will not trust
 “ myself with him.”

“ It was not without force they were
 “ separated, for he clasped her with in-
 “ conceivable strength. Poor Tenby!
 “ his wrongs are great. — When taken
 “ from the Pantheon, he was in a perfect
 “ frenzy. We conveyed his miserable
 “ wife to a coach. She grew faint; and,
 “ when seated, lifted up both hands.
 “ Oh!” said she, “ this is *too* much! De-
 “ spair and horrible reflections must ever
 “ be my portion! —

“ Your

“ Your husband, madam, has attended
“ his brother home, who is dangerously
“ wounded.”

I was not sorry when Lord D—
ended his shocking relation. My dear
Louisa, what terrible consequences at-
tend the operations of a wicked spirit!
What evils have already flowed from an
indulgence of the basest passions! But I
need not particularise them. The excel-
lent bishop has indulged me with a copy
of his second letter* to Sir Henry. I will
send it; it will please my father.

* See P. 168.

Mrs. WILMOT in continuation.

Dec. 15.

IT was twelve at noon when my Edward's return banished my anxious fears for his safety. He gives very little hopes of his brother's life. Lord D—— mistook the nature of his wound. The sword entered obliquely by the collar-bone, descending so near the vital parts as to make his recovery extremely doubtful.

Dec. 16.

My husband is ill, dangerously ill. Great God! preserve him! Let me not feel the keenest misery Omnipotence can inflict. I write by his order. He called me to the bed-side, about an hour since. "Dear Frances," said he, "vexation, "fatigue, and self-reproach, overcome "me. I am unhappy to reflect upon my "abrupt and cruel behaviour to your father; it makes me restless and uneasy,

" I

“ I must obtain his forgiveness. Write,
“ my love; tell him I seek his pardon.
“ Perhaps he will confirm it by his pre-
“ sence.”

Sister, will my father, think you, undertake a journey at this inclement season? Will he permit you to attend him to town? Sweet girl, add your persuasive eloquence to my petitions. A chaise accompanies this letter. He cannot, will not, refuse the expected pleasure.

Dr. Hadley is below. Thank heaven, he pronounces my beloved something better; his fever is not quite so high. Adieu, dearest creature. F. WILMOT.

Miss JENKINS to Mrs. WILMOT.

Dec. 17.

MA Y health, happiness, and every blessing, be the consequence of our father's journey to London. Dear soul, he had scarcely patience to let me read the conclusion of your letter.

“ Does my child require the presence
“ of her parent? — Does her Wilmot
“ expect pleasure and relief from my for-
“ giveness?—Give me the paper, Louisa.
“ — Stay, where are my spectacles? —
“ Shew me the part, love, where your
“ sister invites me to Portland-Place.
“ My hand trembles so, you must hold
“ it. Ay, it is so, indeed. I will go.
“ The Almighty will support a fond fa-
“ ther while fulfilling his duty. We will
“ both go. Let our things be ready in
“ the morning. Tell William to come
“ in.”

His answer to our questions contributed to relieve the anxiety your letter had excited. Just before we went to bed, Lady O— made her appearance. What a disappointment! She wishes to stay Christmas at Crawford-Abbey, and I must not leave her. The death of Sir Samuel O— has embittered the pleasures of high life, and she means to indulge in solitude her
unavailing

unavailing sorrow. — No help for it, Frances. My father must go alone.

Do you expect to be forgiven for not mentioning the disabled warrior? Not once could I trace his name through your long letter. Quite contrary his behaviour. Not a day passes, fair or foul, but he limps down to us, to converse with my parent about his beloved daughter. Yes, truly; Mrs. Wilmot is his divinity. Why, pray? Because you have engaged to take care of his boys. Because you have sympathised with him in sorrow, and wept the loss of Matilda. George frequently enquires “for the good lady who is to procure him a commission.” And Harry “is certain of being an admiral, for Mrs. Wilmot told him he should be one.” — Sternheim listens to his children with a tear of gratitude and paternal tenderness, and blesses that God who, through you, has relieved his poverty.

Farewel,

END

Farewel, dearest sister : the carriage waits, and I can only add every tender wish for the recovery of your Wilmot. L. JENKINS.

Mrs. WILMOT to Miss JENKINS.

Dec. 19.

DOES the *poor corporal* think me forgetful of his concerns ? No, Louisa. He justly distinguishes between family-affairs and the adventitious exertions of humanity ; nor did he expect my attention would be alive to his distress, while a beloved husband calls for the most sedulous and unremitted tenderness. — Tell him I shall ever rejoice to hear of his welfare, and will be punctual in the performance of my promise to the young heroes.

Ingenuous shame was visible on my Edward's countenance, when our father most affectionately congratulated him on his amending health. With a noble candour he owned the injustice of his suspicions, and

and received the good old man's free pardon with gratitude.

Ah ! Louisa, the present calm delights my soul. Too weak to bear the intrusions of company, and perfectly well enough to enjoy domestic pleasures, my dear Wilmot's days pass serenely peaceful. Music, conversation, &c. mark the circling hours. Even Ward has not found the door open to his request. " Is Mr. Wilmot better ? " is his daily enquiry. Does the wretch fear he shall no longer impose upon generous credulity ? Doubt not, Mr. Ward, but you will again triumph. However, the present tranquility is a cordial to my heart. I will not anticipate ; it would be criminal to be dead to present comforts because they cannot last. Let me assure my dear girl, ere I conclude, that her father is in charming health and spirits, not the least symptom of the gout, though this is the month in which it usually

usually commits such depredations upon him. What an ill-timed visit is that of Lady O—— ! Doubly do I regret the absence of Louisa ; both the cause and its effect. Forget not to offer my compliments of condolance to the afflicted lady. When the busy round of polite visits takes place, you shall again hear from
ever yours, F. WILMOT.

Mrs. WILMOT to Miss JENKINS.

Dec. 26.

WITHIN these few hours, I have experienced almost every sensation that can agitate the human mind. — Pleasure, pain, veneration, love, disgust, and even hatred, have combined to disturb my bosom. The hours of peace are fled. Tumult, and the disagreeable effects of card-playing, again preside in this gay mansion. Our doors were open this evening to a motley set, who, from various motives, crowded the apartments. The
bishop

bishop of C——, my father, Mrs. Medway, Lord D——, Captain Ferguson, and Ward. — Sister, that fellow disgraces a drawing-room. — But let me not forget Ingram. Unhappy was the deed which procures *him* admittance. His appearance was totally unexpected; but Ferguson, who delights to ridicule the sneaking fellow, had insisted upon his company, ignorant, as I have reason to suppose, of our connection, and only desirous of raising a laugh at his expence. — The bishop looked disgusted at the unusual assortment, but said nothing. We had more guests, who were strangers. Two ladies and Lord D—— inclined to engage at quadrille, but a fourth was wanted. Lord C—— played not; our father chose to enjoy *his* refined conversation. Edward and Mr. Ward, I perceived, wished to make a party at whist, and two other tables were filled.

One

One of the ladies applied to Ingram.
“Come, sir, will you take a pool with
“us?”

“A pool! what’s that? I wonders.”

“Oh” said Lord D——“it is a game
“at quadrille.”

“Hay, what, I supposes, that’s one
“of your quality-games. No, no; I
“shan’t play at pool, indeed.”

“I presume then, sir, you are fond of
“a family-party”

“No, I am no party man, I assures
“you. Why it was but last year that
“one of your great ladies,—I forgets her
“name,—but however she wanted me to
“vote for Mr. ****; but says I, my lady,
“says I, I never votes for no-body but
“my customers. So what does she do
“but orders in twenty dozen of candles.
“Lord, then she nailed me at once!”

I was overwhelmed with shame to hear
the creature. Lord D——pressed him to
fit,

fit, assuring him the game was by no means difficult.

"No; I never plays at any thing but
"three-handed whisk, with Sall and my
"dame, at a ha'penny a corner, or a little
"cribbage, at the George."

"Well, messmate," asked the Cap-
tain, "what say you to a sneaker of punch
"and a pipe of the best Virginia, over
"a game of cribbage?"

The bishop looked distressed for me,
but chose not to interfere.

"Certainly," observed Lord D—,
"you will not smoke before the ladies."

"Heavens, how shocking!" exclaimed
a stranger, "I shall expire at the
"beastly idea."

"No, pray don't," returned Ingram,
"for I never likes to see nobody die.
"What, I suppose your afeard the smoke
"shou'd drown'd the fine perfumes."

My

My husband thought proper to tell them there was every necessary accommodation in a distant room.

“No, come along, old boy, you and I will have a pipe at the George, and you shall treat!”

“O dear! I never treats nobody at the George; but, if you has a mind to half a pint of ale, I’ll give it you another time.”

“Well done, cent. per cent. I see how the land lies. Your principle is interest, I find that. A crooked sixpence wou’d buy your conscience at any time. However, bear a hand, and you shall have grog enough to drown your niggardly soul.”—This elegant compliment made the tallow-chandler’s little grey eyes sparkle with pleasure, and he slowly followed the captain, who, turning quickly round, “What the plague d’ye hang back for? come along.” And, seizing him by the button, led him in triumph through the
the

the room. Ingram, disliking the freedom, with a sudden jerk disengaged his button; the shock threw his head against one of the lustres. It fell from the bracket, and shivered into a thousand pieces. Ferguson and Lord D— laughed excessively; Ingram looked ready to cry at the mischief he had done; Edward bit his lips; the conversation, and, what was more interesting to some present, their diversion, was interrupted for some minutes by this manœuvre; but the absence of these culprits soon restored harmony.

What a change! Louisa. But a few months since, and Ingram was afraid to *look* at the man before whom he now behaves with that vulgar superiority so common to a fordid mind. Unhappy Wilmot, whose cruel situation forces the smile of encouragement where frowns of contempt alone are due. — I should have told you, Sir Henry continues dangerously ill.

O

Dec.

Dec. 27.

The bishop, penetrating though polite, needed no apology for the disagreeable scenes he had just witnessed, but talked with ease, and behaved to your Frances with the benignity of an angel. I had noticed his attention to Ward for some time, but, when this unworthy creature and two more, whose characters were nearly as equivocal, sat down to whist, a grave dignity overspread his lordship's features which gradually settled in an awful severity. He stood at my husband's chair in a fixed attitude; his eye alternately wandering from Edward to his competitor, but resting longest upon Ward. I saw he was agitated. At last, breaking silence, — "Are you not a native of Bristol, Mr. Ward?"

"No, my Lord."

"What, did you not pass your early days in that place?"

"No, my Lord."

He

He evaded the bishop's eye, and appeared to wish to evade the question. — I never beheld such confusion. — He absolutely shuddered; played one card for another; laughed when no jest was uttered, and answered when nobody spoke.

"Strange!" said Lord C——, "I cannot be mistaken. However, there may be a time for explanation."

When the bishop departed, Ward immediately recovered. — What a mystery! my sister. But every thing is a mystery in the life of a gamester. He left not the house till six this morning.

My father means to indulge himself with the representation of the School for Scandal. How his noble spirit will be gratified with the character of Charles, by the inimitable Smith. I have often lamented the disadvantage under which a player performs who takes a *base* character. What would Joseph Surface be but in the hands of Mr. P—? and whose

countenance but his could, at one moment, convey the intelligible sneer and hypocritical elevation of the eye. Mr. P—, in my opinion, deserves much praise for his humility in this particular. — Bless me, this fault of digression is become very usual with me! but our intention of going to the play led me into it at present. Our good parent has not seen one these forty years. Edward cannot accompany us. An *appointment*, Louisa. — A *disappointment*, I should have written.

My husband is constant in his attendance upon Sir Henry. He was better, but is relapsed and in great danger. — A messenger from Soho to my father! What can Sir Henry want with *him*, unless conviction has taken hold of him? Then, indeed, a minister's consolation may be useful.

Mrs.

Mrs. WILMOT in continuation.

Dec.

What a worthless man, Louisa! He had heard we had a *parson* at our house, and wished to consult him. — These were his own words. — Ever ready to do good, the best of men went immediately, supposing his arguments might bring him to a sense of past errors. Sir Henry received him with civility, and told his visitor there was a burthen upon his conscience which the father of Mrs. Wilmot might possibly remove. On being asked for an explanation, he mentioned his situation with Ingram, and wished Edward was out of his clutches. To this he could expect but little answer, as the business belonged rather to the law than the church. — Sir Henry said, it would be charity in him, as a *parson*, and near relation to his brother, to take part of the affair upon himself; adding, that Ingram threatened to trouble both him and Mr. Wilmot, not

deeming their security sufficient.—(What a modest request!)—His visitor sat in silent astonishment, shocked to find impending danger had made no alteration in his principles.—“Was it for *this*, Sir “Henry,” asked my father “that you “requested my company?”

The rapacious Wilmot looked furly, and, resuming all his former ferocity, sternly replied, “Why, did you imagine “I wanted the benefit of your *prayers*? “No, sir, it was your pecuniary assistance “I solicited!”

“For the love of God, Sir Henry, re- “flect but one moment upon the cruel “absurdity of this proposal.”

He turned an eye of sullen disdain upon our poor father, and interrupted him with, — “No more of your methodistical “eloquence, Jenkins. Dispenſe your “cant from the pulpit; it is unnecessary “*here*.”

Satisfied,

Satisfied, or rather convinced, of Sir Henry's *penitence* by this specimen, the good man hastily arose, and left the house. — Oh! that my husband had resisted those fraternal emotions which impelled him, as it were, to an action so dangerous in its effect. — But retrospect is vain.

Dec. 28.

My Edward is angry with me, sister; exceedingly angry. Suspects me of secretly prompting the bishop to write and speak of subjects he cannot bear the mention of. It is a fact, that, in compliance with my ardent solicitations, his lordship has written a long and friendly letter to Mr. Wilmot, who unjustly charges him with putting this dear misconceiving man upon a level with (I am authorised to say) the most unnatural of brothers.

Ungenerous accusation! You, Louisa, have seen the spirited, and, I may add, awful, epistle, which the venerable teacher

sent to Sir Henry. Compare it with the underwritten, and judge if the distinction be not striking and characteristic. Adieu, my sister.

FRANCES WILMOT.

The Bishop of C—— to EDWARD WILMOT, Esq.

EVER ready to reprove the faulty or advise the ductile, your sincere and zealous friend presumes to address the man he affectionately regards. With stern severity I lately attempted to awaken compunction in the breast of hardened guilt. * With the softest humanity I shall now lay before Mr. Wilmot the consequence of profuse and undistinguishing liberality. And, — but be not offended, my dear sir, — I shall touch a string, the vibration of which may possibly shake your soul.

* See P. 123 and 168.

Your

Your father, penetrating man! saw and deplored the strong contrast between his sons, and has often lamented to me the vile disposition of Henry. — “I see,” he would say, “I see the seeds of avarice
 “and extravagance, contradictory as they
 “may seem to each other, disseminating
 “their pernicious influence through his
 “most puerile actions. Haughty and
 “overbearing to his inferiors, fullen and
 “obstinate to those above him, what a
 “mischievous character! When time
 “shall ripen his folly into vice, and in-
 “dependence enlarge his power, tyranny,
 “deceit, and voluptuousness, shall mark
 “his footsteps.”

Time indeed has confirmed the prophecy of an apprehensive parent, and an unfortunate brother already suffers from Sir Henry's propensity to evils which disgrace humanity.

When speaking of his youngest, this affectionate father would observe, “Ed-
 “ward

“ward gives me anxiety of a different
“kind. Equally strong are my feelings
“for the consequence of his warm and
“noble spirit. Generous, open, dis-
“daining hypocrisy, he will enter the
“world unprepared to oppose its selfish
“cunning, and unable to turn his ear
“from the tale of *artful* distress. How
“terrible to suppose that the best of pas-
“sions may prove destructive merely from
“an incapacity to manage them pro-
“perly! — Oh! that my influence might
“so establish his principles as to prove
“a sufficient check to the violence of his
“inclinations.”

But he lived not long enough, my
worthy sir, to effect the salutary purpose.
He died before his example could operate
on the viciousness of your brother's heart,
or confirm prudence in your conduct. A
melancholy proof of *your* imbecility struck
me yesterday. The son of Sir Joseph
Wilmot surrounded by — villains! — I
saw

saw the sly intelligible wink; — saw, — what made me tremble, — a wretch whose connections have long rendered him infamous; nay, I am clear in my opinion that he is a pest of society. Need I tell you it is *Jacob Ward* who deserves the odium? Yes, I beheld with pain the lowest of mankind seize that property to which your love of gaming alone could give him a title. — Shut your doors, my dear deceived friend, against those harpies. Lessen not your dignity, or rather destroy it not totally, by an association with the most worthless of human beings. I cannot bear to be told that you are under obligations to that miserable fellow, *Ingram*. Let me conjure you, if possible, to throw off his yoke. — What an affront to some of the company, last night, was the presence of such a rude ignorant man; and how often did his ridiculous mistakes call indignant blushes into Mrs. Wilmot's amiable countenance! Give not uneasiness

sinews to that most excellent woman. — Resume *yourself*. — Regain the power of denying admission to those whose conversation you tacitly disdain; and be again the true inheritor of a glorious father's virtues.

I will not now animadvert on the dreadful tendency of gaming. My last discourse on that subject apparently displeased. I shall not therefore point out or enlarge upon the concomitants of that fatal attachment, but will only pray to heaven that my fears may be groundless. I have had some melancholy intimations of your situation with Sir Henry and Ingram. For the sake of all that is dear to you, avoid any future transaction that may entitle them to a farther claim upon your fortune. EMANUEL C——.

Mrs.

Mrs. WILMOT to Miss JENKINS.

Portland-Place, Jan. 1.

LET me now ask my sister if the epistle inclosed in my last bears the smallest similitude to that written by the bishop to sir Henry. Does it not breathe the very spirit of tenderness, gentle reproof, exalted friendship, and persuasive entreaty, while the other exhibits awful reprehension and highly provoked severity? Methinks a stranger to the brothers might discriminate their characters from an attentive perusal of those letters. How *can* my husband bestow a thought upon pique and imaginary offence, when certain destruction stares him in the face? For oh! Louisa, he is exceedingly unhappy. His forced cheerfulness, nay his appetite, have entirely forsaken him, since last Thursday, when he was closeted with a gentleman of the law for near an hour. From that day I can scarcely get an answer to the most material question—

Louisa,

Louisa, it is not altogether caprice that contracts the fullen brow; distress and keen anxiety are visible in his behaviour. — He is now on the stairs. — I cannot bear this uncertainty. — Perhaps the affectionate entreaty of a sympathising wife may draw the secret from his loaded bosom.

F. WILMOT.



END OF VOL. I.

